THE CORSAIR

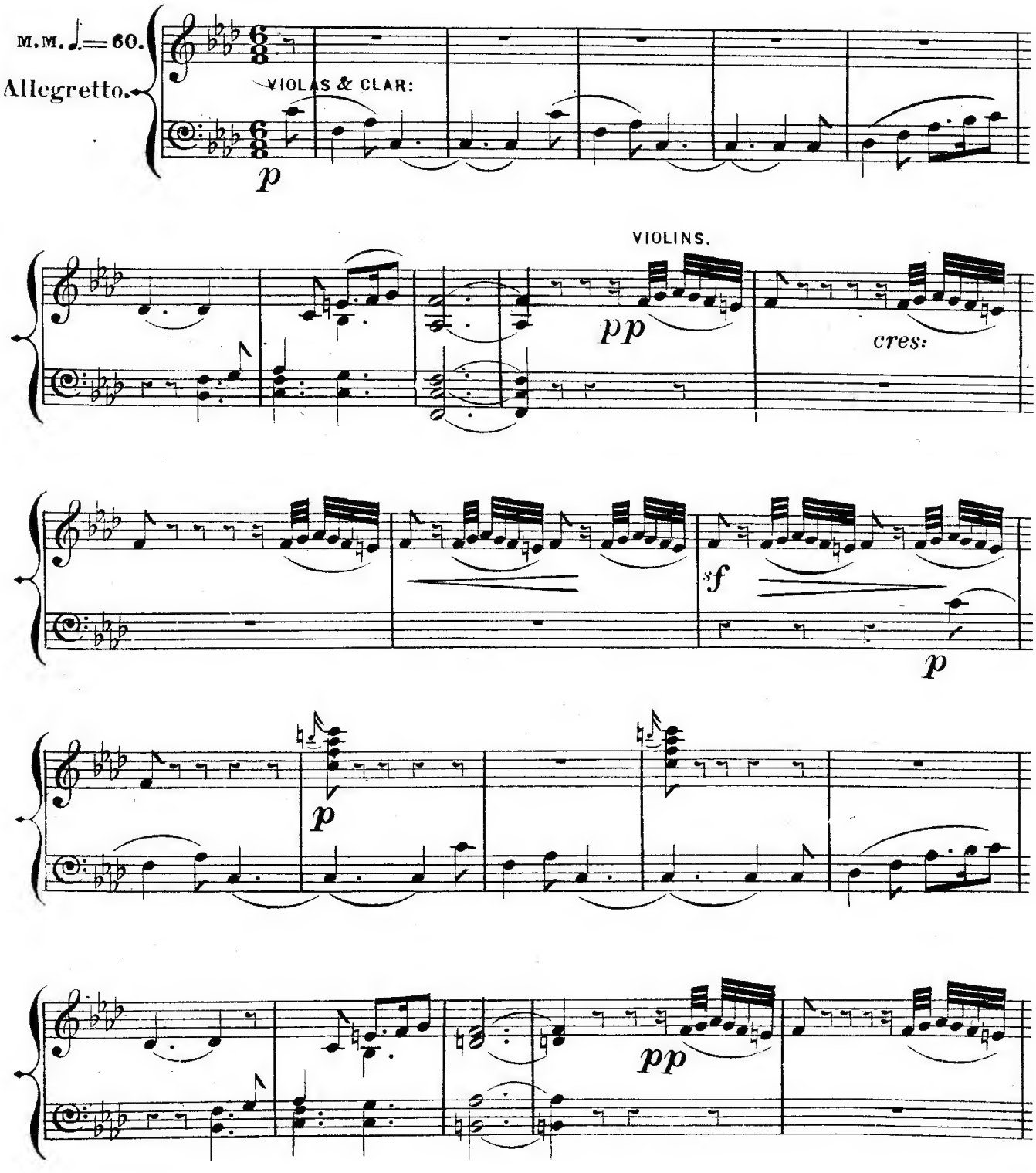
BY

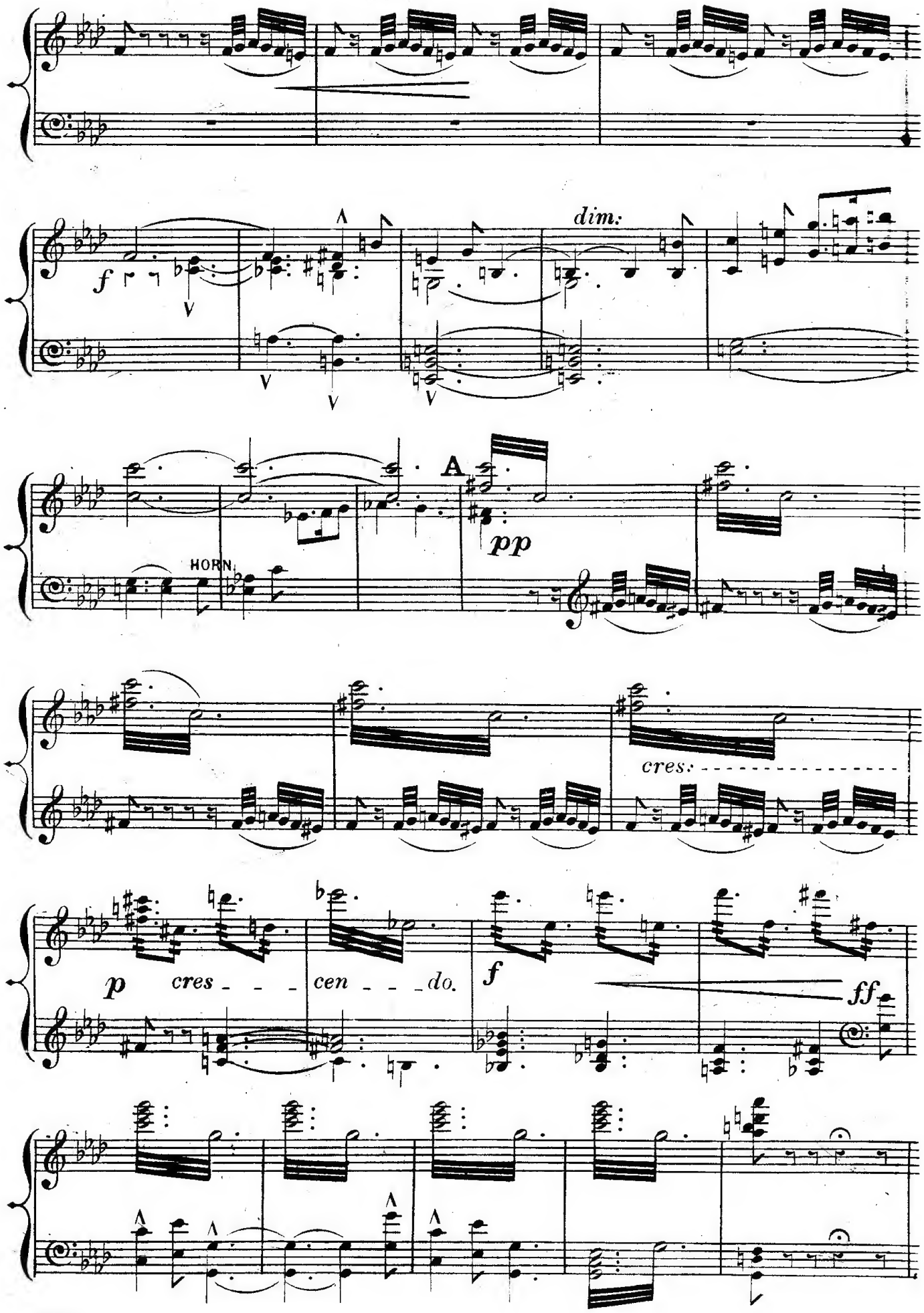
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

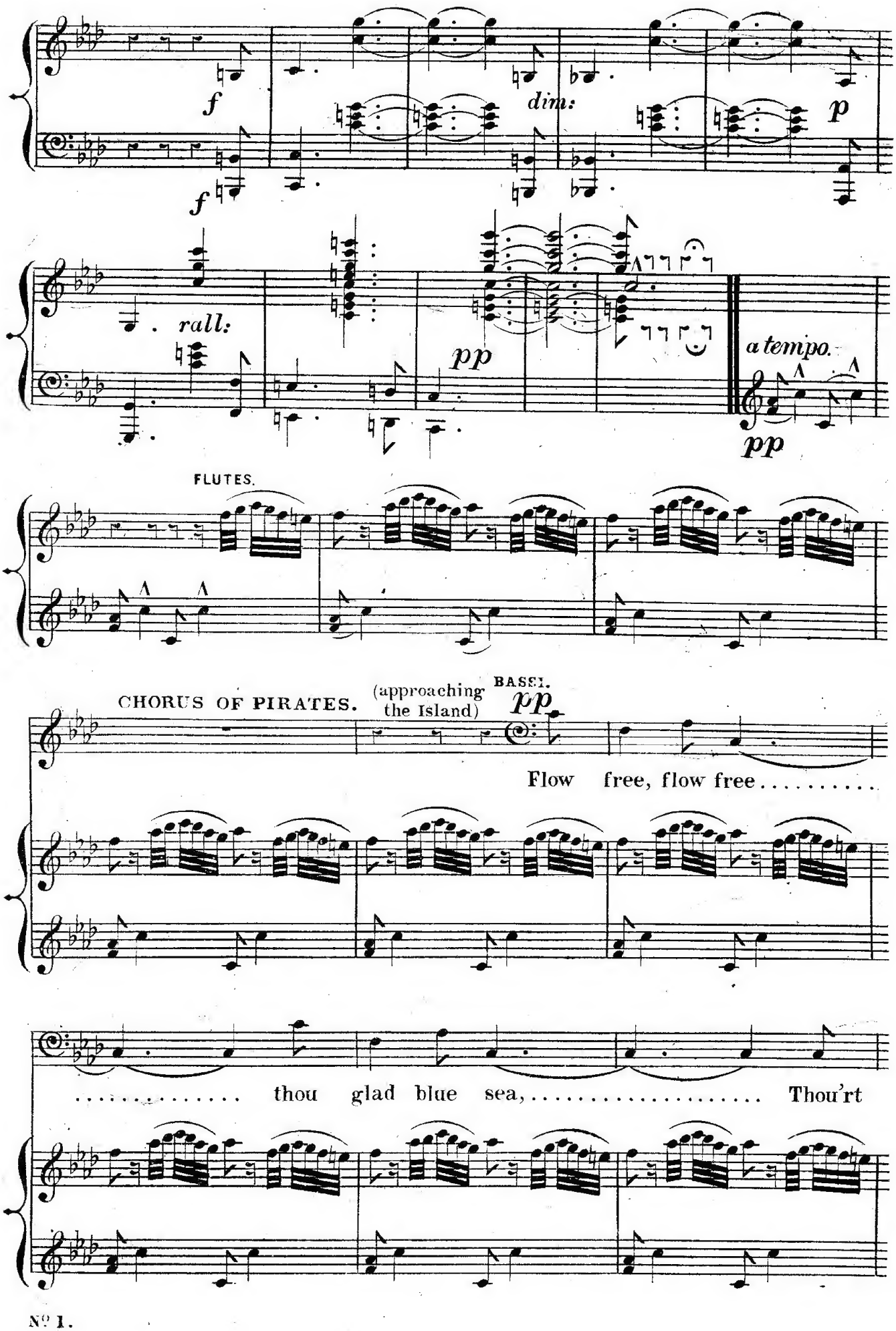
SCENE I. On the Island.

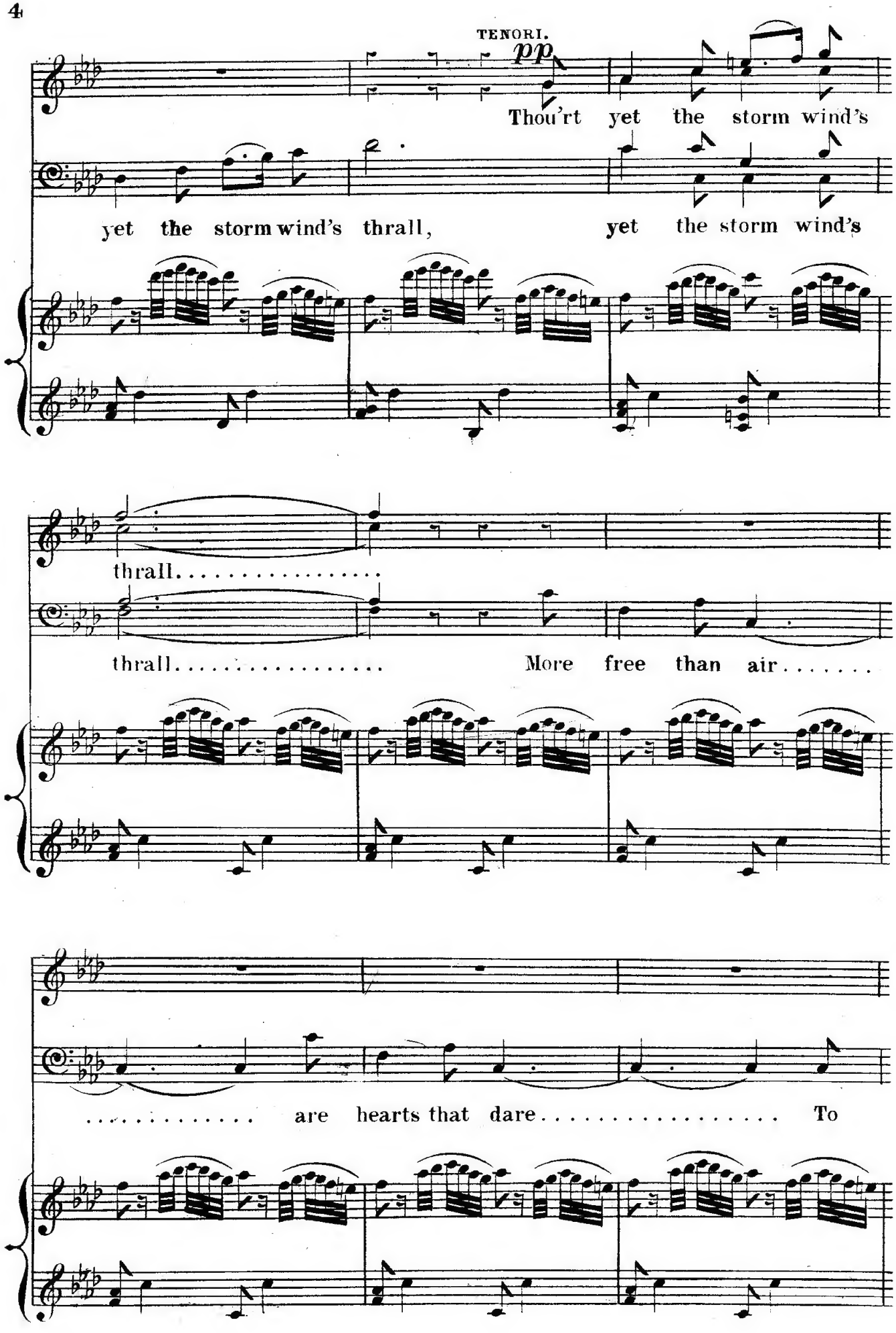
No. 1. INTRODUCTION & CHORUS. "FLOW FREE FLOW FREE"

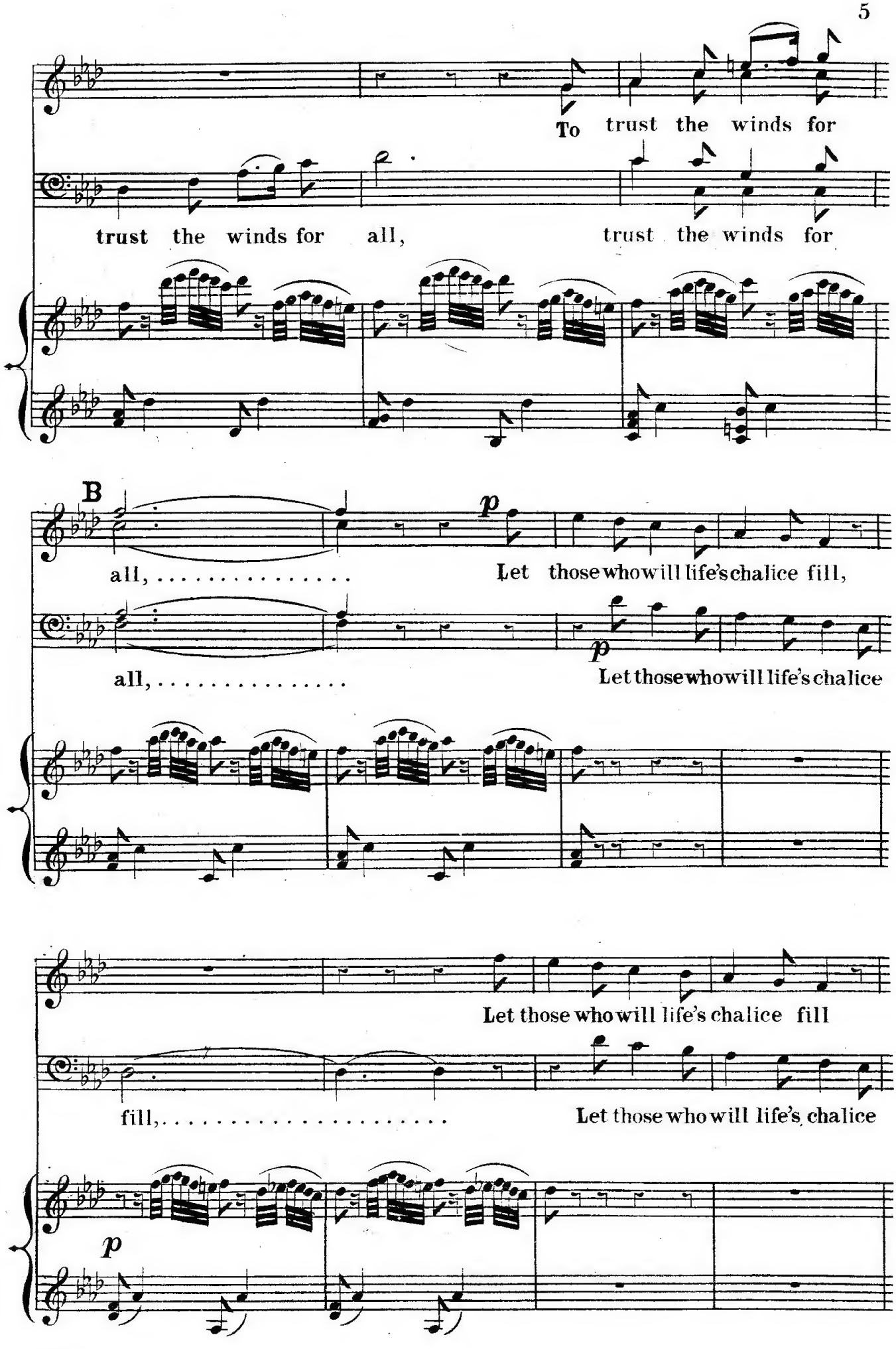
RECIT: CONRAD.—"BACK TO YOUR DUTY"

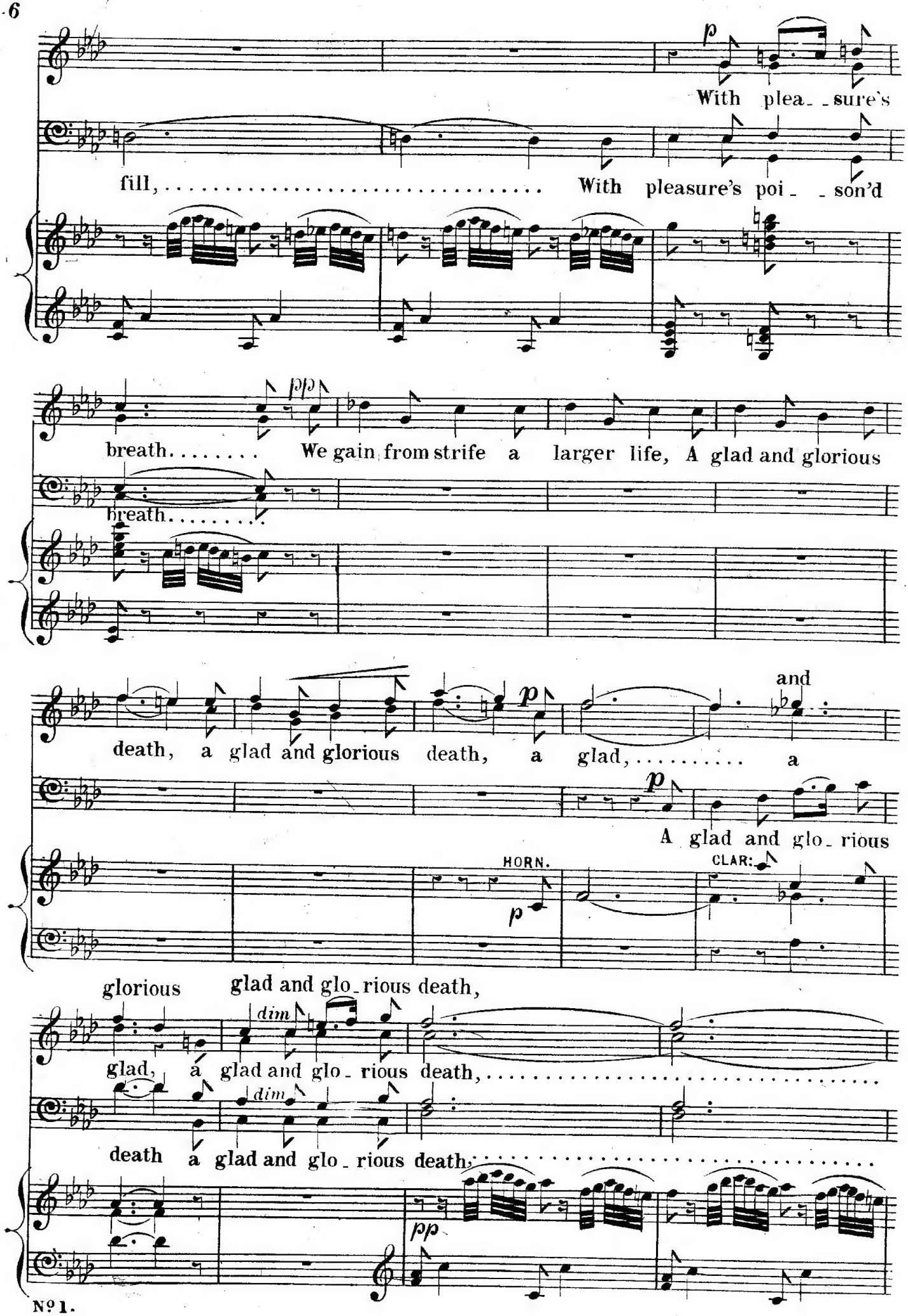



dim:
HORN
A
pp
cres:
p
cres _ _ _ cen _ _ _ do.
f
ff


f
dim:
p
f
rall:
pp
a tempo.
pp
FLUTES.
CHORUS OF PIRATES.
(approaching the Island)
BASSI.
pp
Flow free, flow free.....
..... thou glad blue sea, ... Thou'rt


TENORI.
pp
Thou'rt yet the storm wind's
yet the storm wind's thrall, yet the storm wind's
thrall.....
thrall..... More free than air.....
..... are hearts that dare..... To


To trust the winds for
trust the winds for all, trust the winds for
B
p
all, ... Let those who will life's chalice fill,
p
all, ... Let those who will life's chalice
Let those who will life's chalice fill
fill, ... Let those who will life's chalice
p


p
With plea_ _sure's
fill, ... With pleasure's poi_ _son'd
pp
breath. . . . . We gain from strife a larger life, A glad and glorious
breath. . . . . .
death, a glad and glorious death, a glad, ... a
and
p
A glad and glo_rious
HORN.
CLAR:
p
glorious glad and glo_rious death,
dim
glad, a glad and glo_rious death, ...
dim
death a glad and glo_rious death, ...
pp

C (Chorus of Women.) watching from the Island.

SOPRANI. *f* A sail, a sail, a *ff* sail .....

ALTI. *f* a sail a *ff* sail .....

f tremolo. *ff*

SOP. ....

ALT. ....

pp Parlante. The blood red sig - nal glitters in the

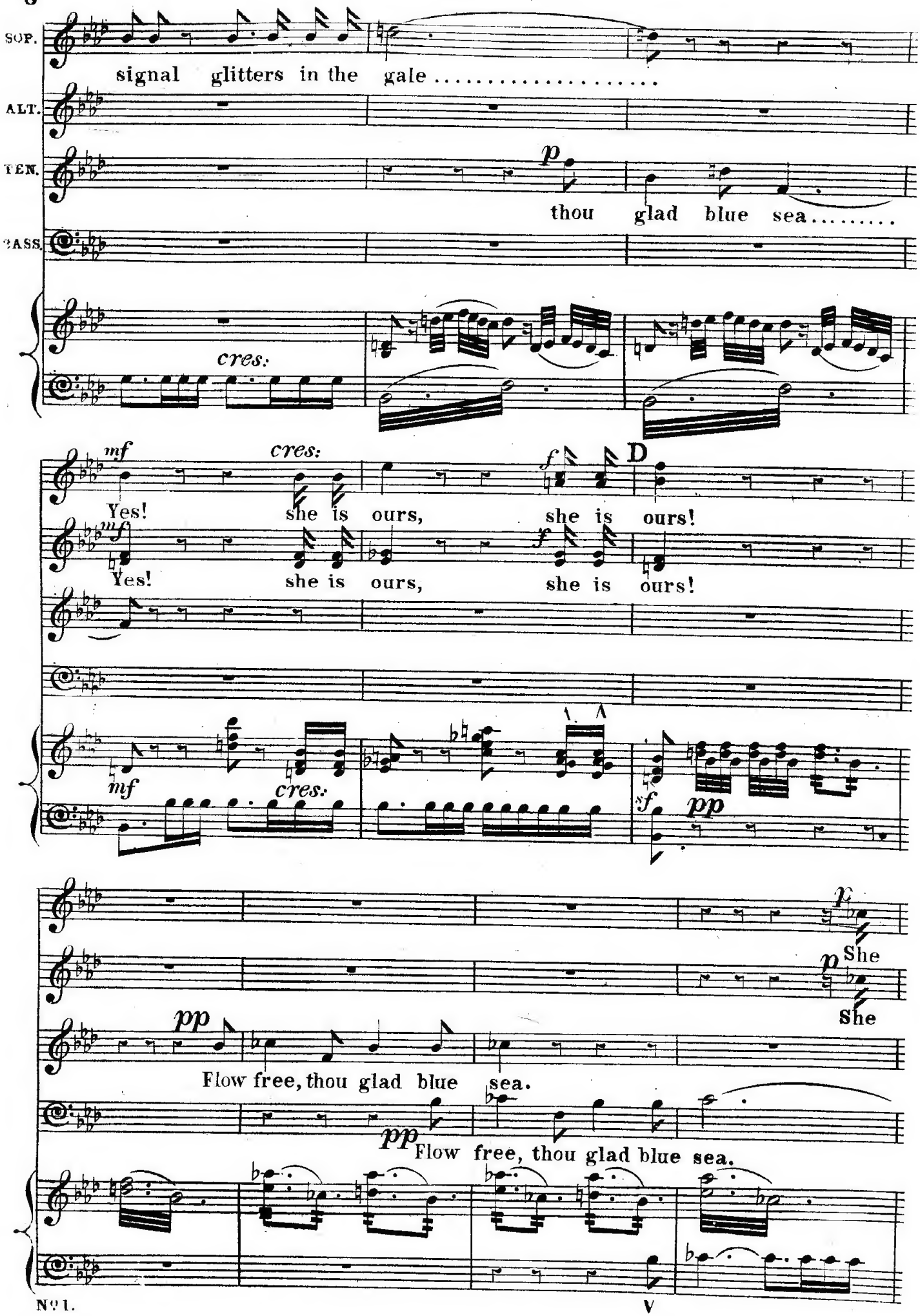
p *pp*

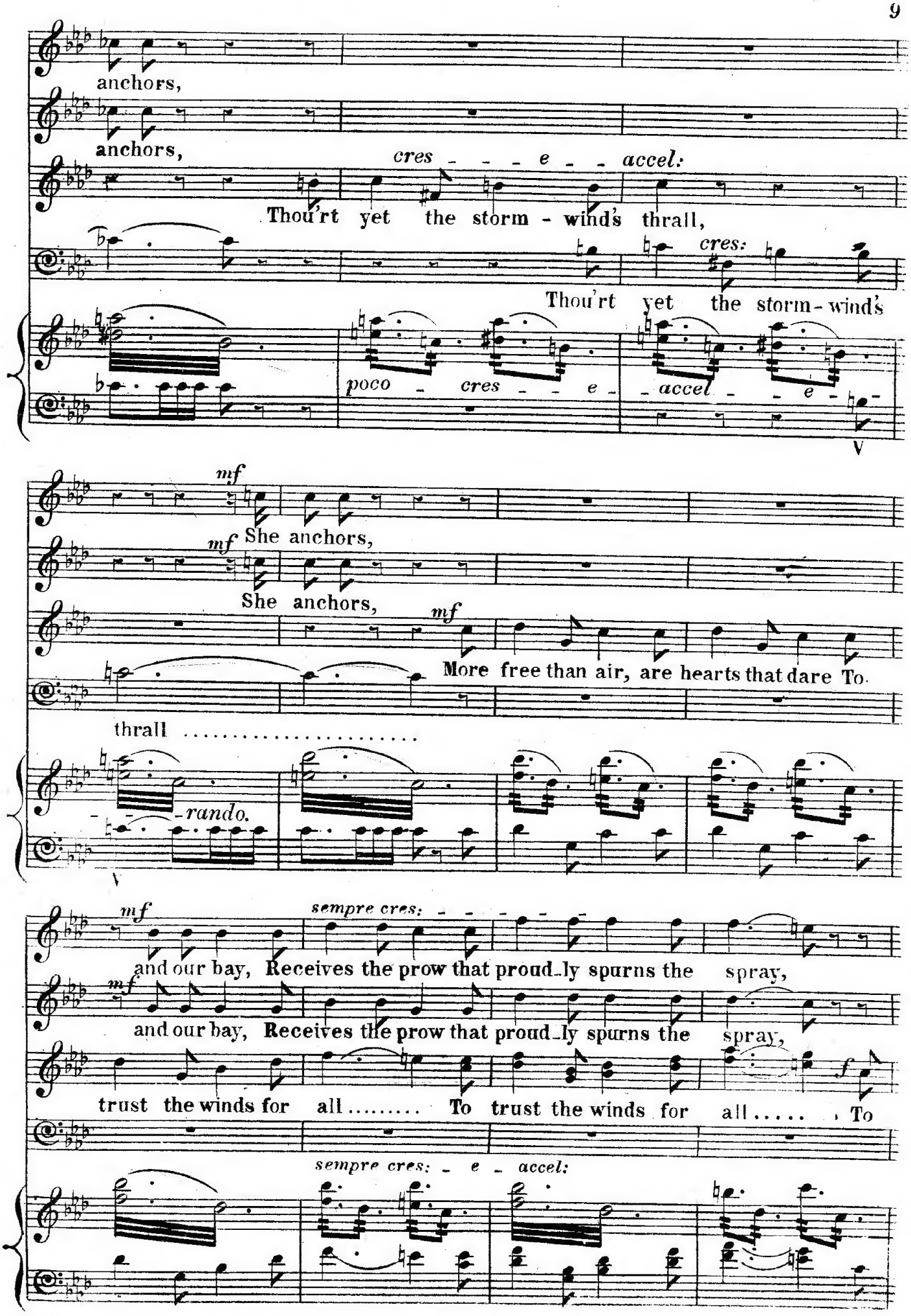
SOP. *p* The blood red

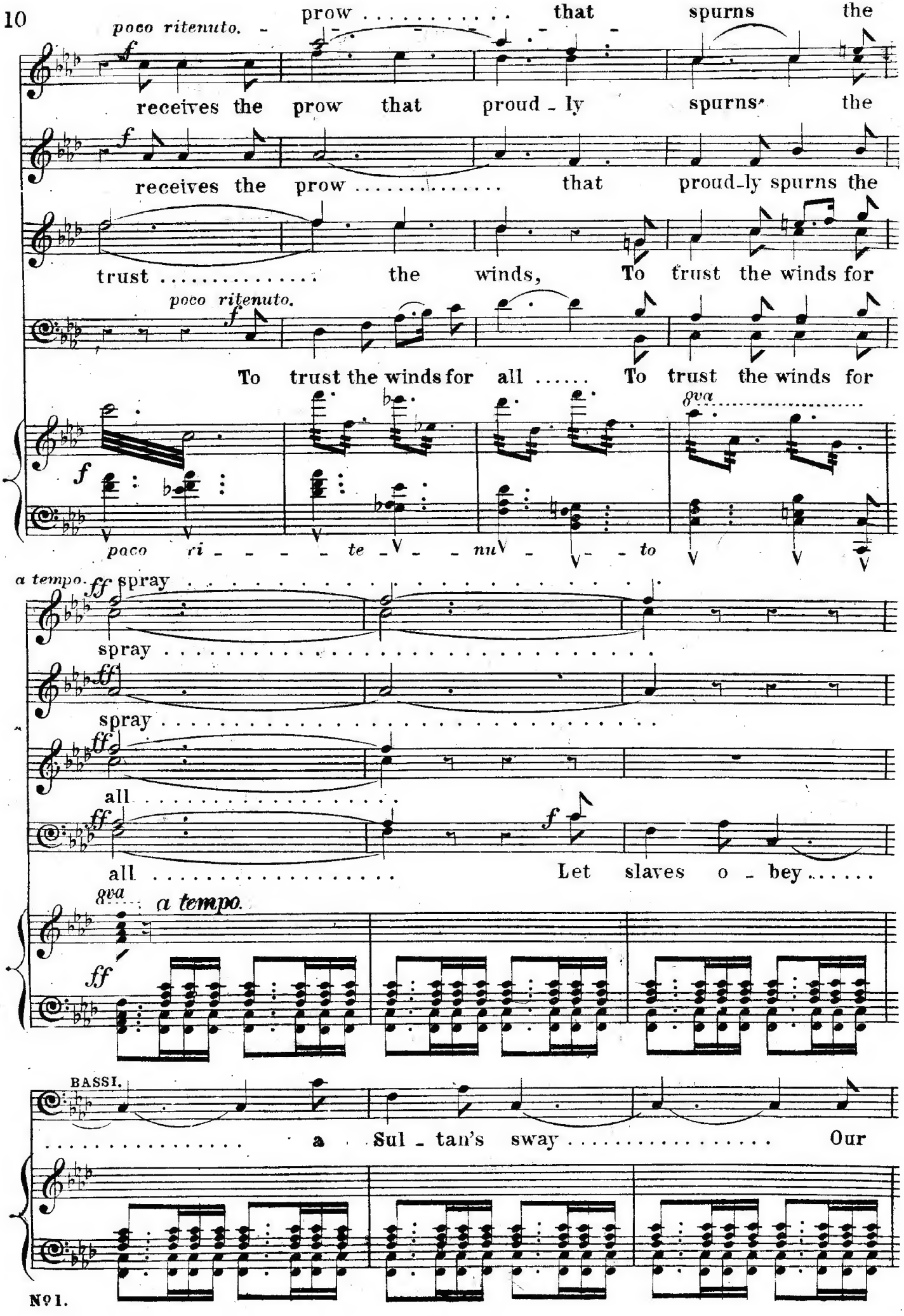
ALT. gale .....

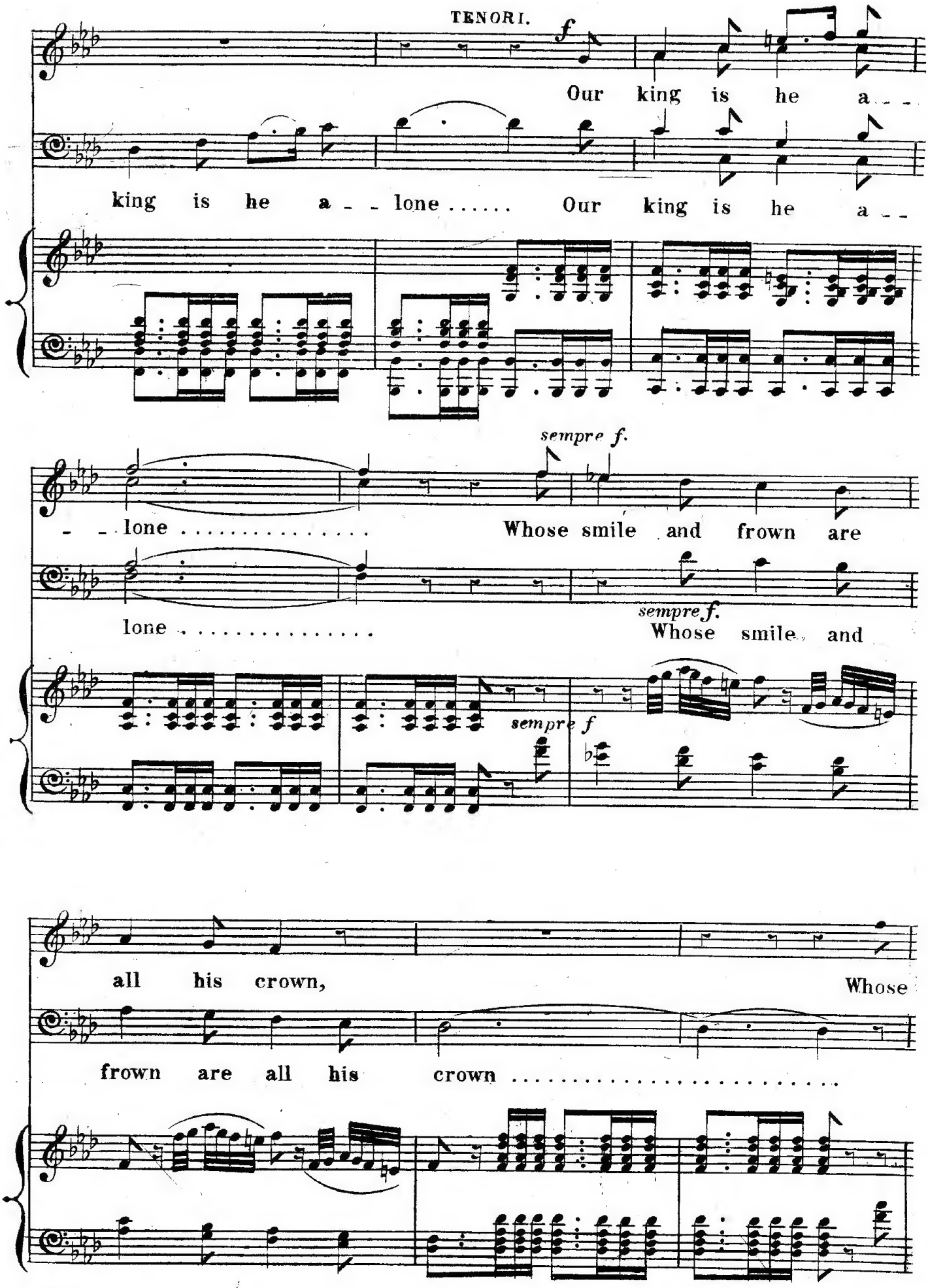
TEN. *pp* Flow free, flow free .....

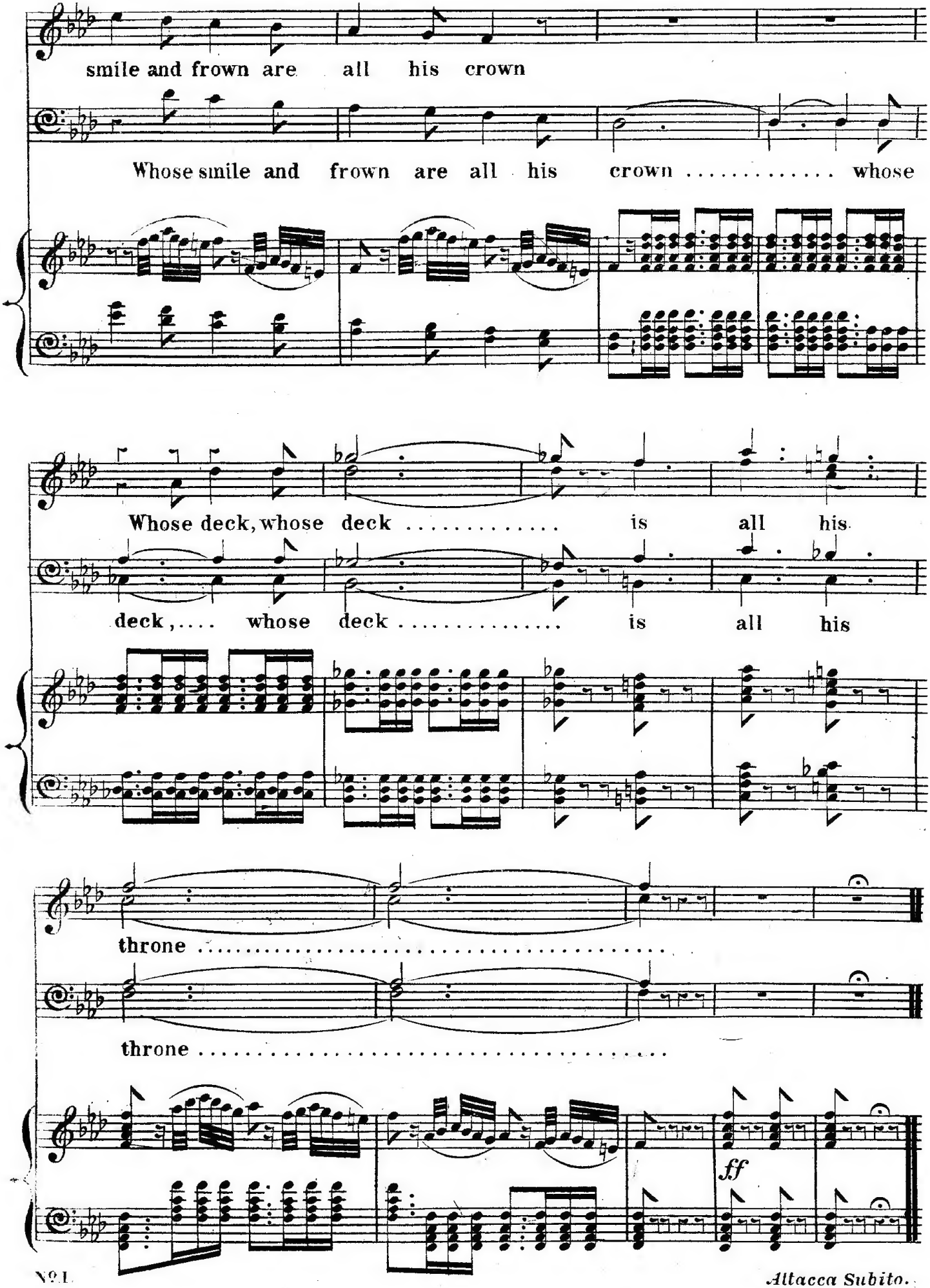
pp


SOP.
signal glitters in the gale .....
ALT.
TEN.
p
thou glad blue sea.....
BASS.
cres:
mf
cres:
Yes! she is ours, she is ours!
f
D
mf
Yes! she is ours, she is ours!
f
mf
cres:
sf
pp
x
p
She
She
pp
Flow free, thou glad blue sea.
pp
Flow free, thou glad blue sea.

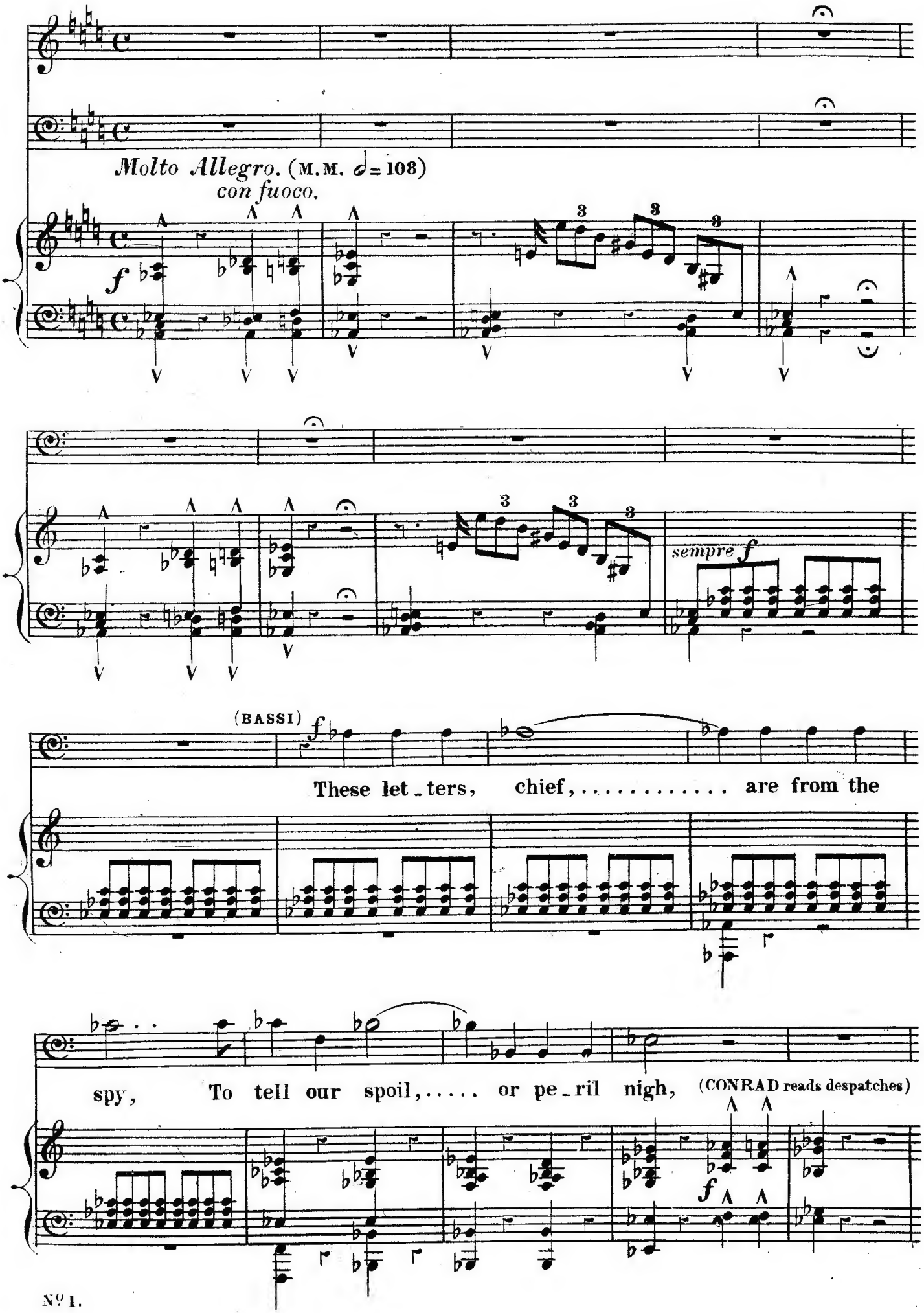

anchors,
anchors,
cres - - - e - - accel:
Thou'rt yet the storm - wind's thrall,
cres:
Thou'rt yet the storm - wind's
poco - cres - - e -
- accel - - e -
mf
She anchors,
mf
She anchors,
mf
More free than air, are hearts that dare To
thrall .....
- rando.
mf
sempre cres: - - - - - -
and our bay, Receives the prow that proud - ly spurns the spray,
mf
and our bay, Receives the prow that proud - ly spurns the spray,
trust the winds for all ..... To trust the winds for all ..... To
f
sempre cres: - e - accel:

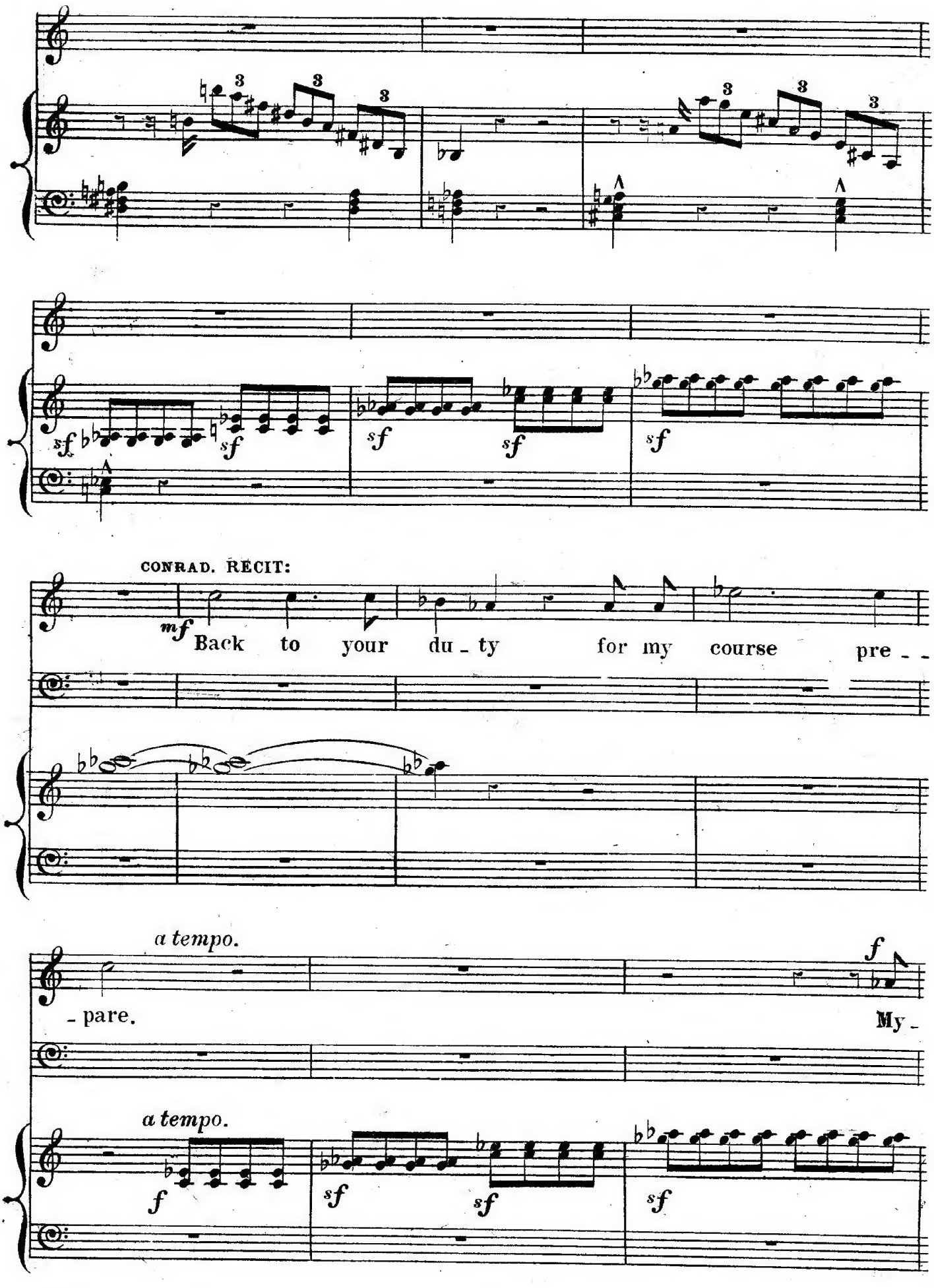

poco ritenuto.
prow . . . . . that spurns the
receives the prow that proud - ly spurns the
receives the prow . . . . . that proud-ly spurns the
trust . . . . . the winds, To trust the winds for
poco ritenuto.
To trust the winds for all . . . . . To trust the winds for
8va
paco ri - - - - te - - nu - - to
a tempo.
spray . . . . . spray
spray . . . . . spray
all . . . . . all
all . . . . . Let slaves o - bey . . . . . .
8va
a tempo.
BASSI.
. . . . . a Sul - tan's sway . . . . . Our
No 1.

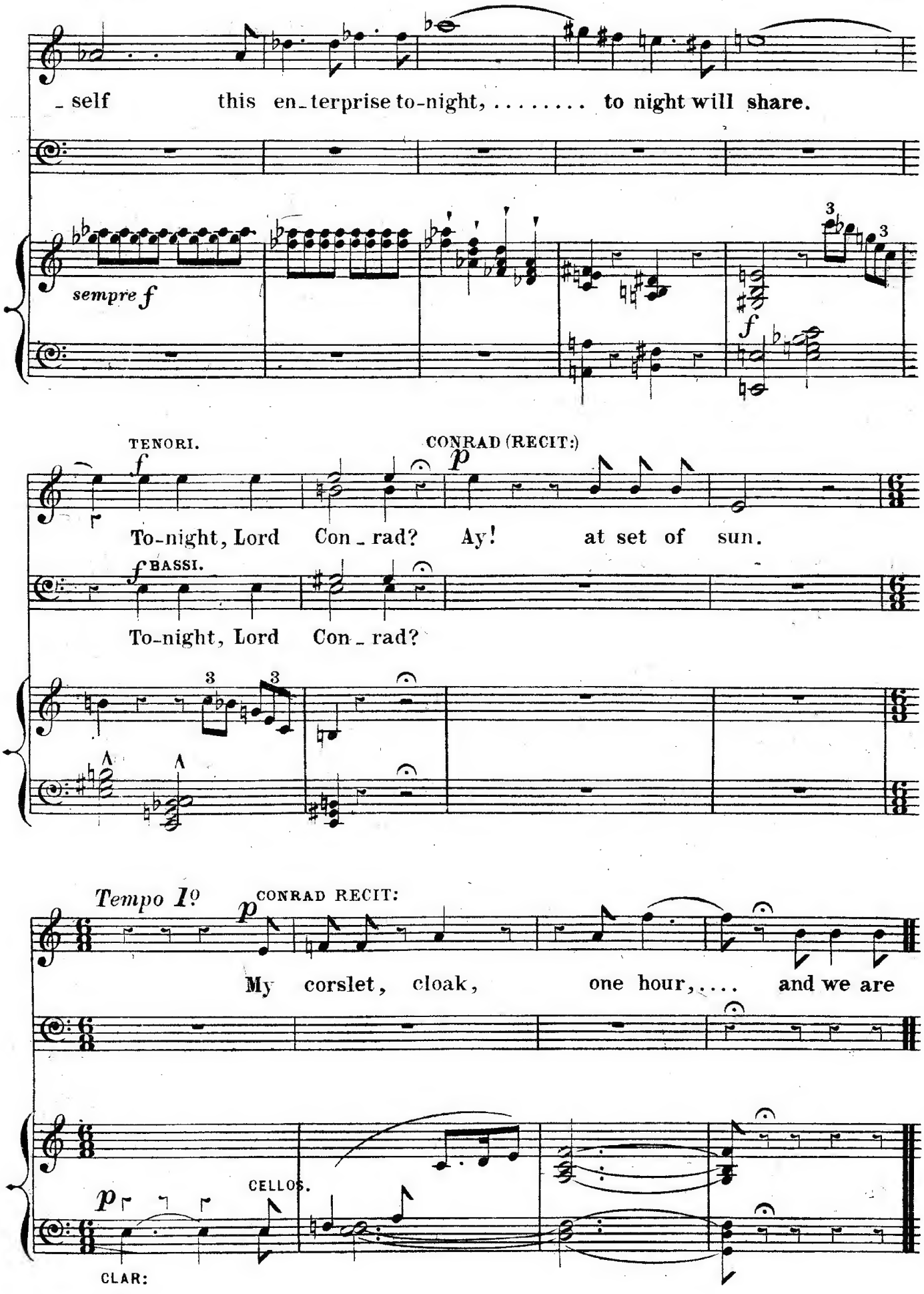

TENORI.
f
Our king is he a - -
king is he a - - lone ..... Our king is he a - -
sempre f.
- - lone ..... Whose smile and frown are
lone ..... sempre f. Whose smile and
sempre f
all his crown, Whose
frown are all his crown .....

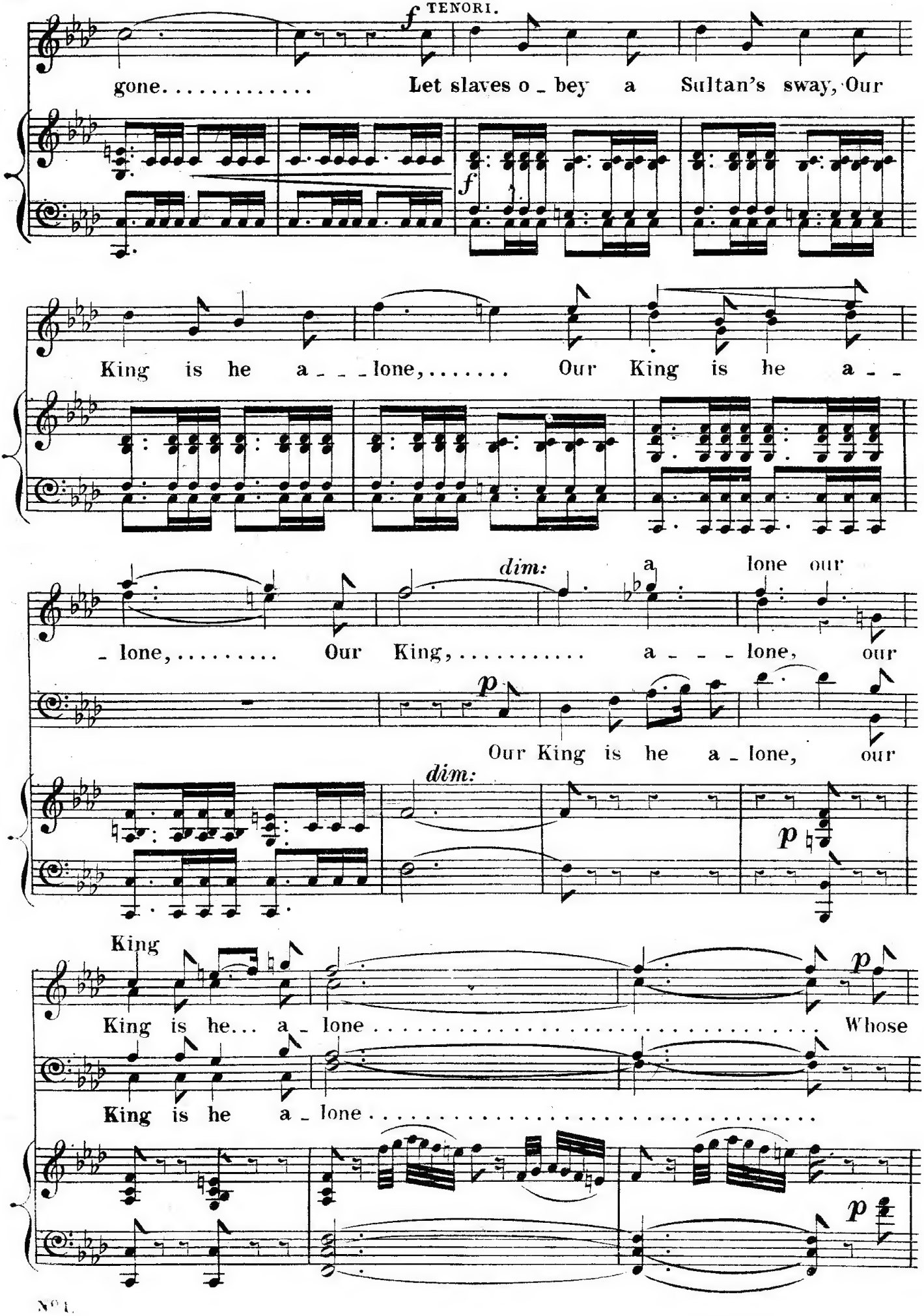


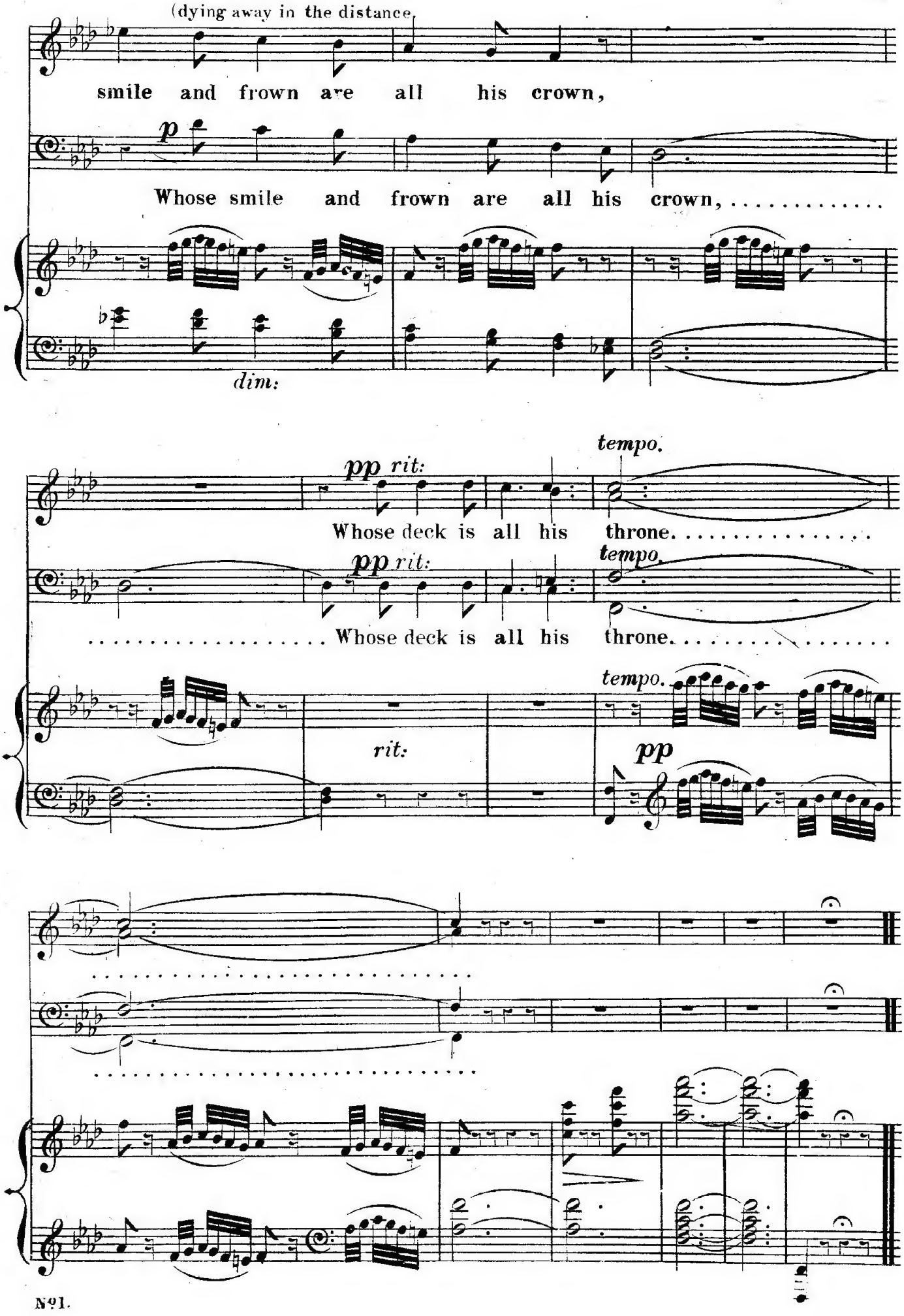
Attacca Subito.


Molto Allegro. (M.M. ♩= 108)
con fuoco.
f
sempre f
(BASSI)
f
These let_ters, chief, ... are from the
spy, To tell our spoil, ... or pe_ril nigh,
(CONRAD reads despatches)
f

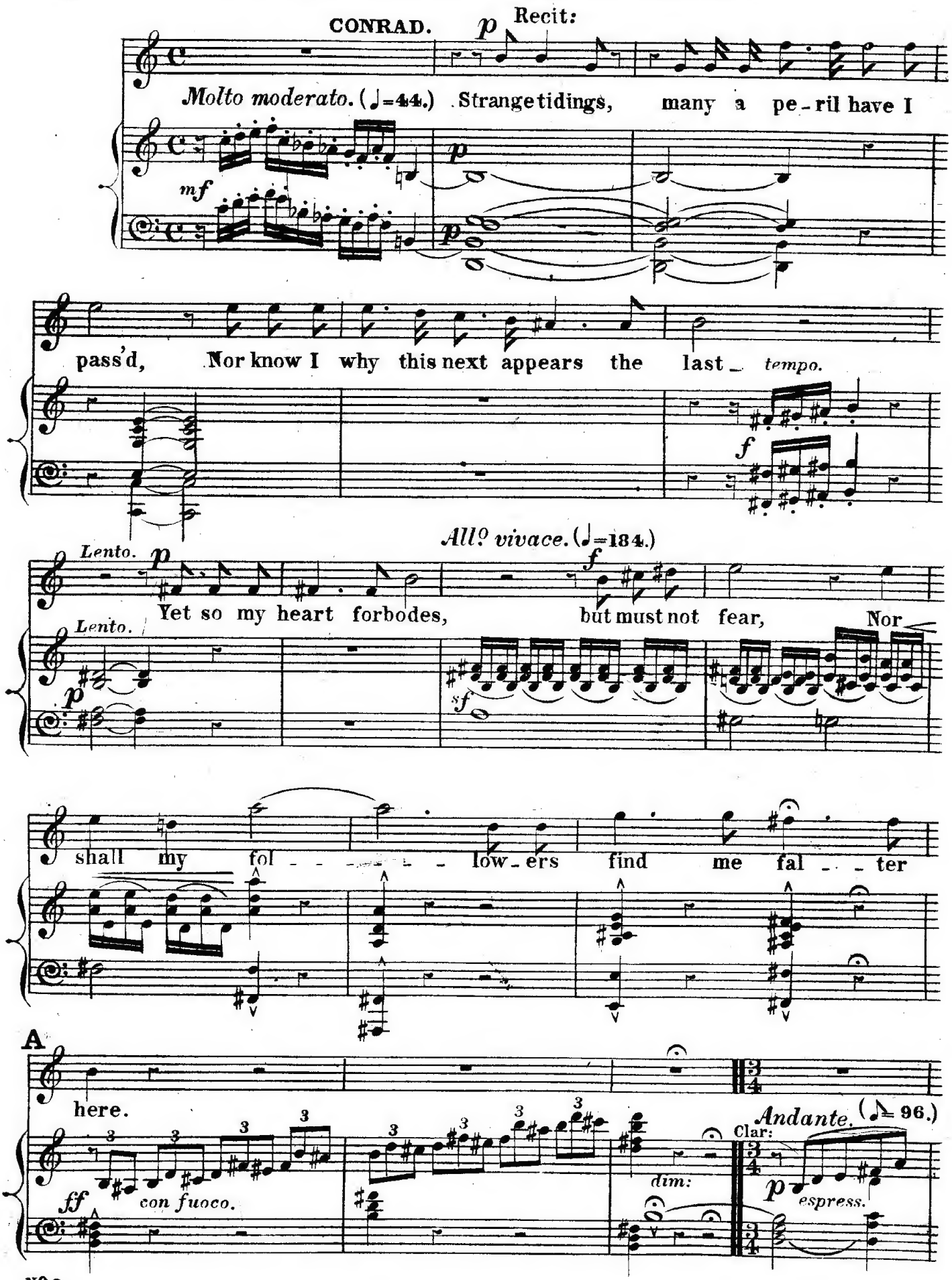

CONRAD. RECIT:
mf
Back to your du - ty for my course pre - -
a tempo.
- pare.
f
My -
a tempo.
f
sf
sf
sf

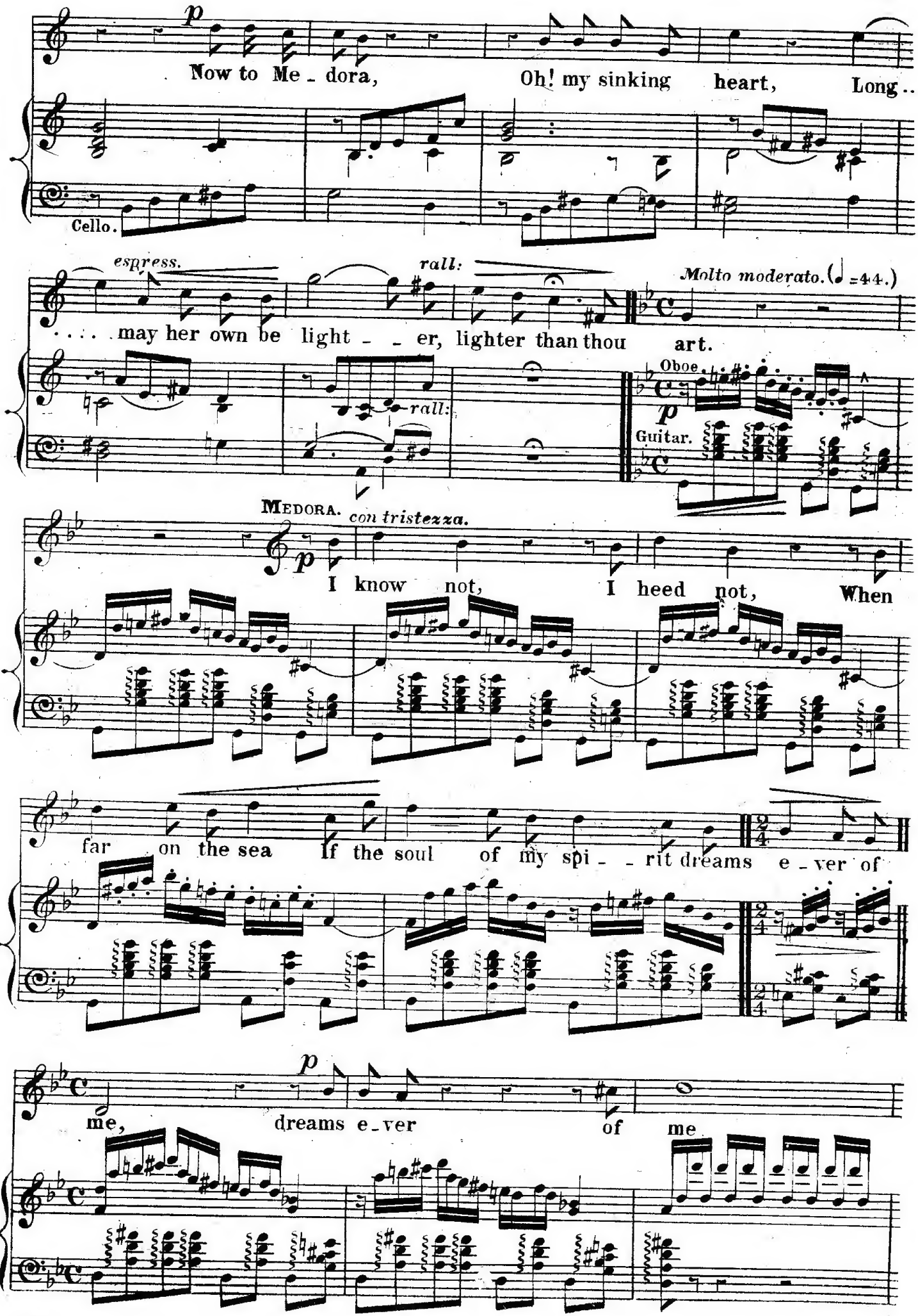

_self this en_terprise to-night, ... to night will share.
sempre f
TENORI.
CONRAD (RECIT:)
To-night, Lord Con_rad? Ay! at set of sun.
BASSI.
To-night, Lord Con_rad?
Tempo 1º
CONRAD RECIT:
My corslet, cloak, one hour,.... and we are
CELLOS.
CLAR:

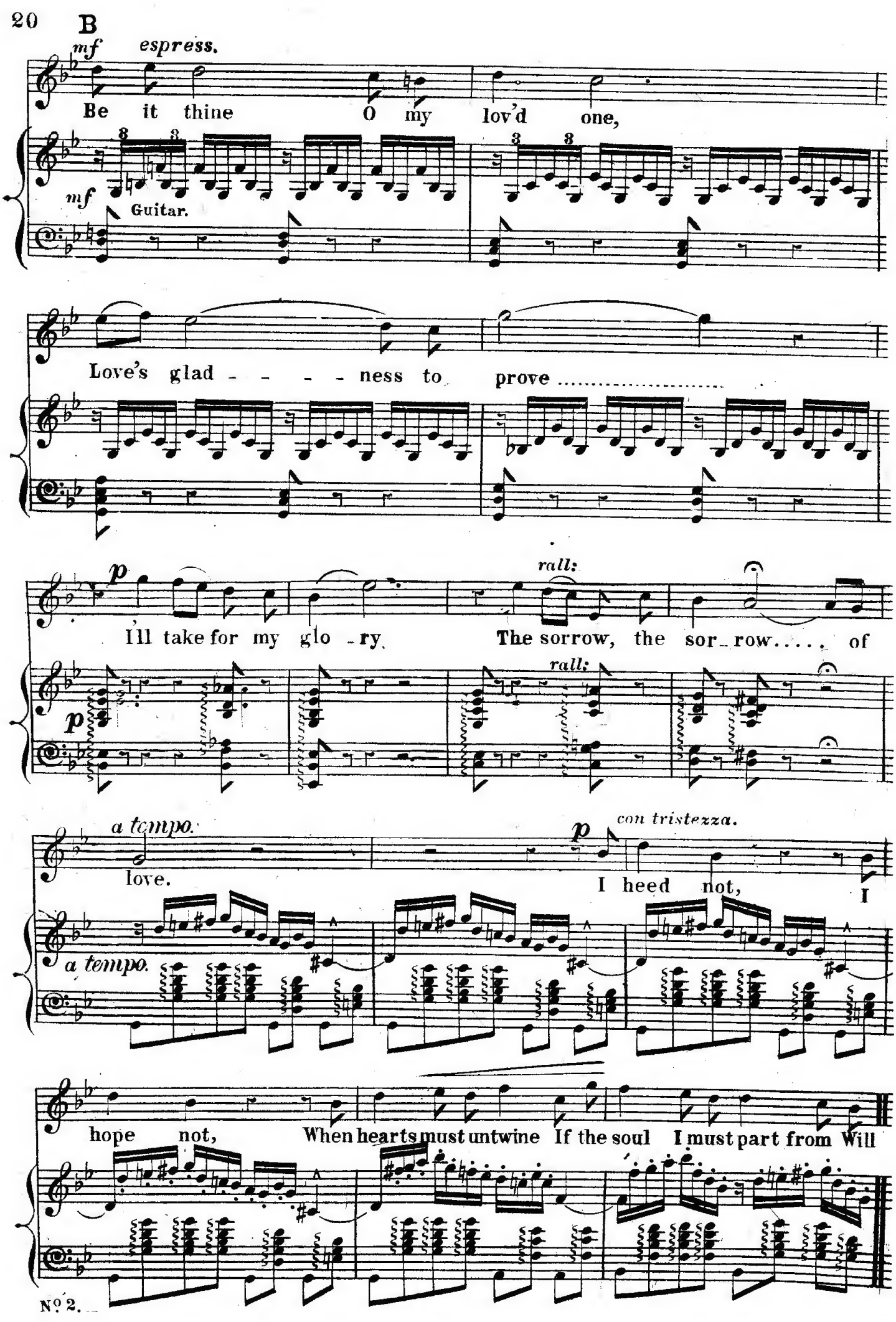

f TENORI.
gone. . . . . Let slaves o _ bey a Sultan's sway, Our
f
King is he a _ _ _ lone, ... Our King is he a _ _
dim:
_ lone, ... Our King, ... a _ _ _ lone, our
p
Our King is he a _ lone, our
dim:
p
King
King is he... a _ lone . . . . . Whose
King is he a _ lone . . . . . .
p

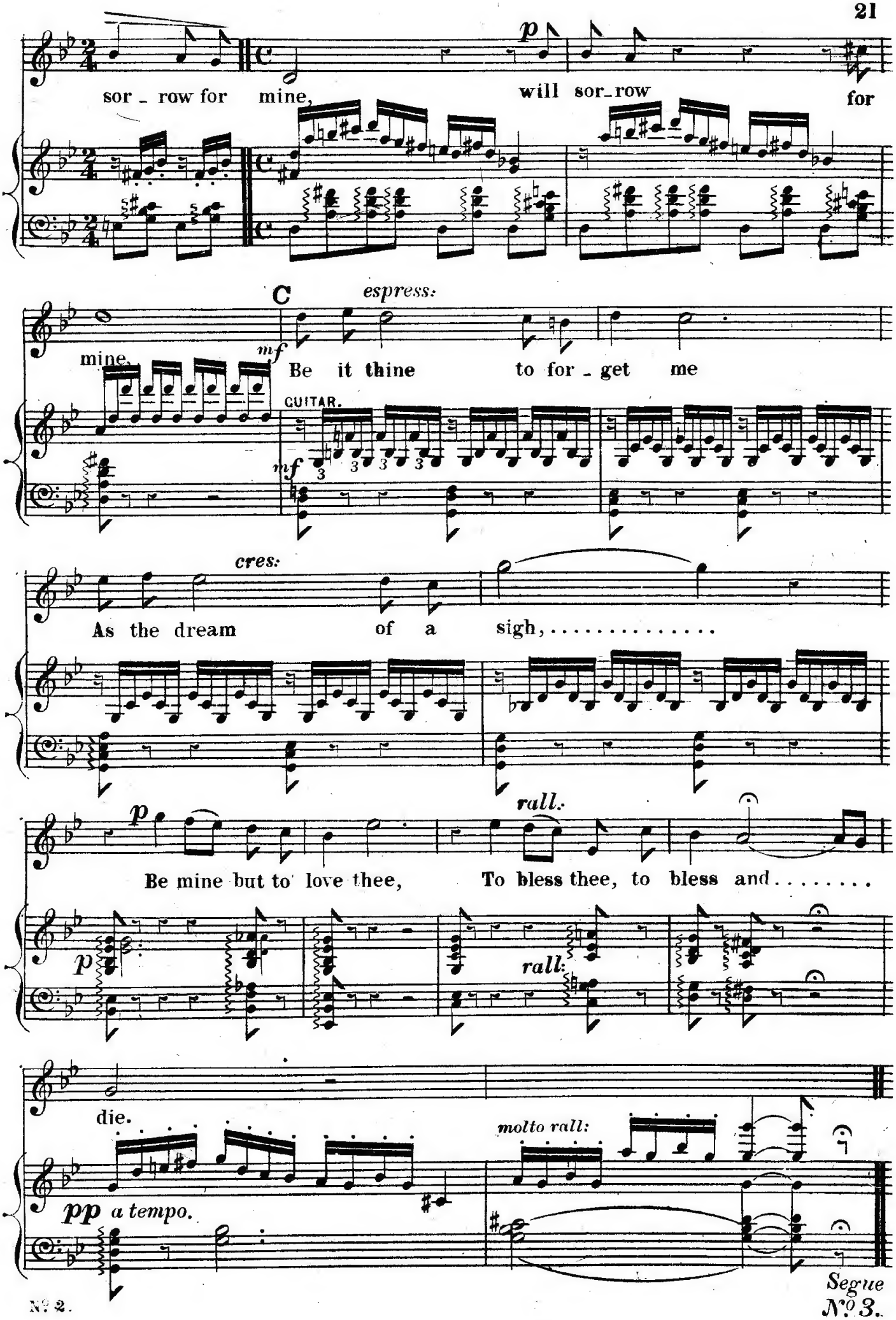

(dying away in the distance.
smile and frown are all his crown,
p
Whose smile and frown are all his crown, ...
dim:
pp rit:
tempo.
Whose deck is all his throne. .....
pp rit:
tempo.
..... Whose deck is all his throne. .....
tempo.
rit:
pp

No. 2. RECIT: CONRAD. "STRANGE TIDINGS."
& BALLAD.— MEDORA. "I KNOW NOT, I HEED NOT"




p
Now to Me - dora,
Oh! my sinking heart,
Long..
Cello.
espress.
rall:
Molto moderato. (♩=44.)
.... may her own be light - - er, lighter than thou art.
Oboe.
p
Guitar.
rall:
MEDORA. con tristezza.
p
I know not,
I heed not,
When
far on the sea
If the soul of my spi - - rit dreams e - ver of
p
me,
dreams e - ver
of me


B
mf espress.
Be it thine O my lov'd one,
mf
Guitar.
Love's glad - - - - ness to prove .....
p
rall:
I'll take for my glo - ry. The sorrow, the sor - row..... of
p
rall:
a tempo.
love.
p
con tristezza.
I heed not, I
a tempo.
hope not, When hearts must untwine If the soul I must part from Will


sor - row for mine,
p
will sor-row for
C
espress:
mine.
mf
Be it thine to for - get me
GUITAR.
mf
cres:
As the dream of a sigh, ...
p
rall.
Be mine but to love thee, To bless thee, to bless and . . . . . .
p
rall:
die.
molto rall:
pp a tempo.

Segue
Nº 3.

No. 3. DUET. CONRAD & MEDORA. "My own Medora."

(M.M. ♩= 69.)

Un poco piu mosso.

p *cres:*

MEDORA.

p

Conrad!

CONRAD *mf*

My own Me - do - - - ra!

f *nf*

MEDORA. *dim:*

In Conrad's

Sure thy song..... is sad,.....

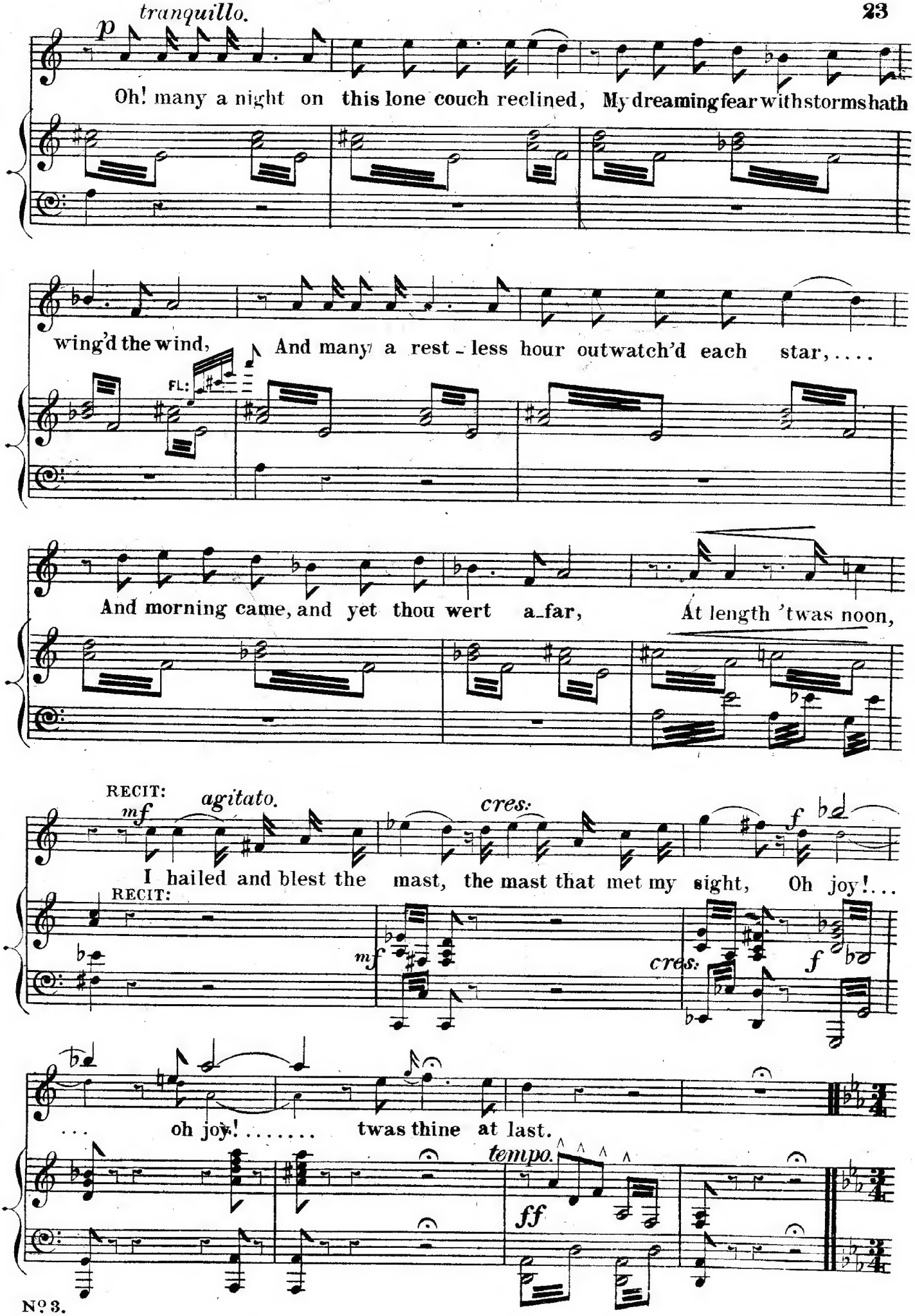
dim:

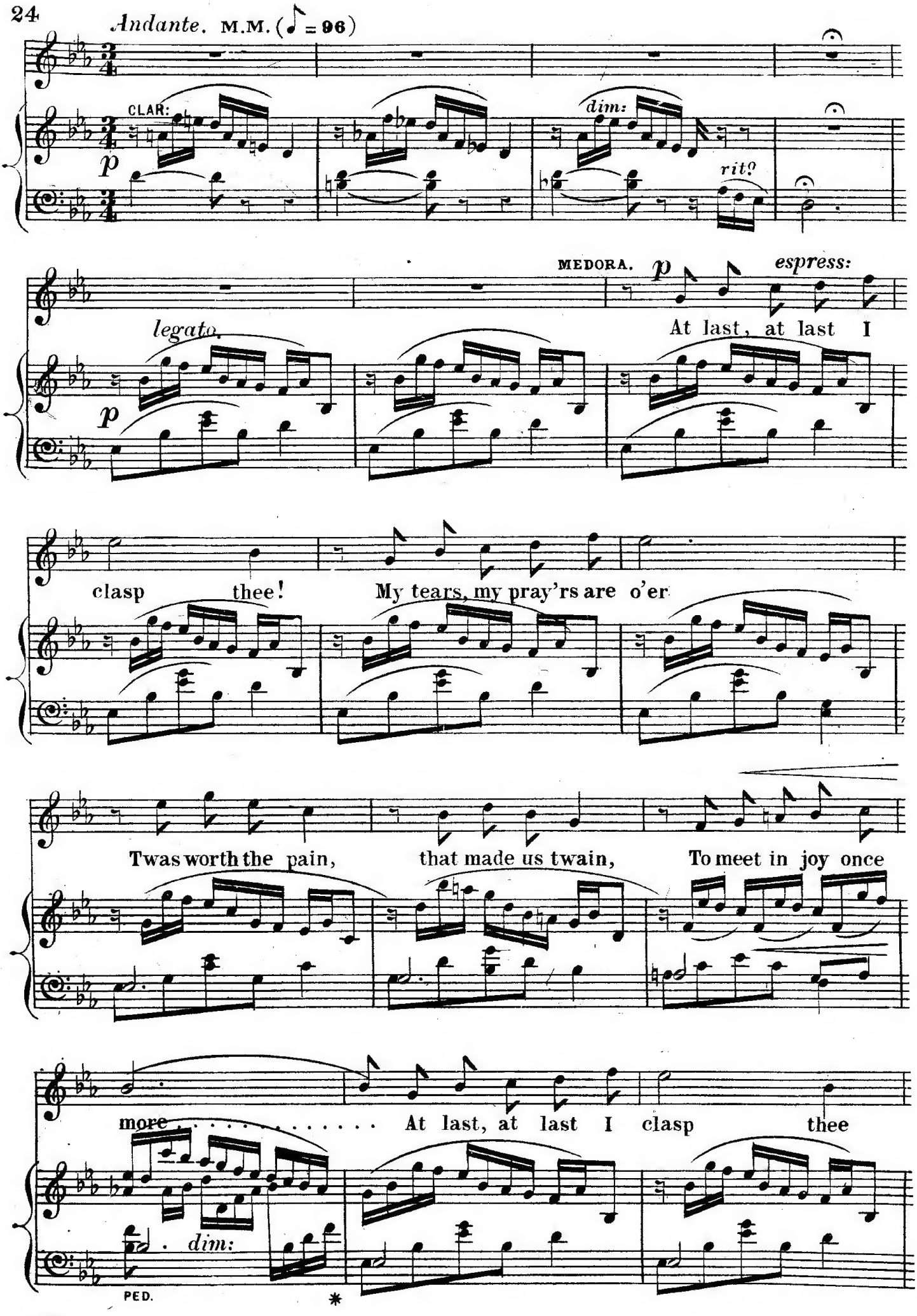
M.M. ♩= 72.

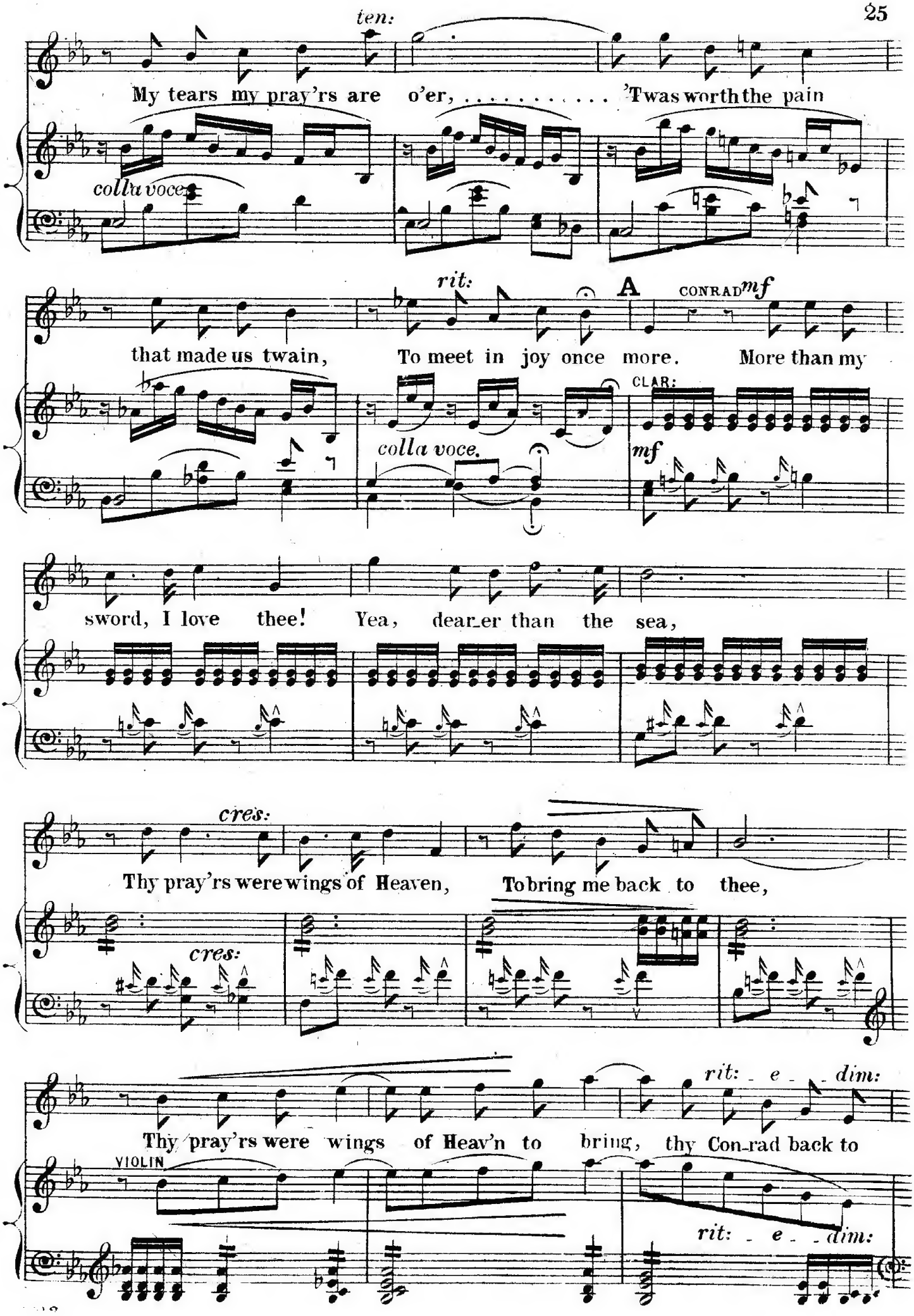
Tempo giusto.

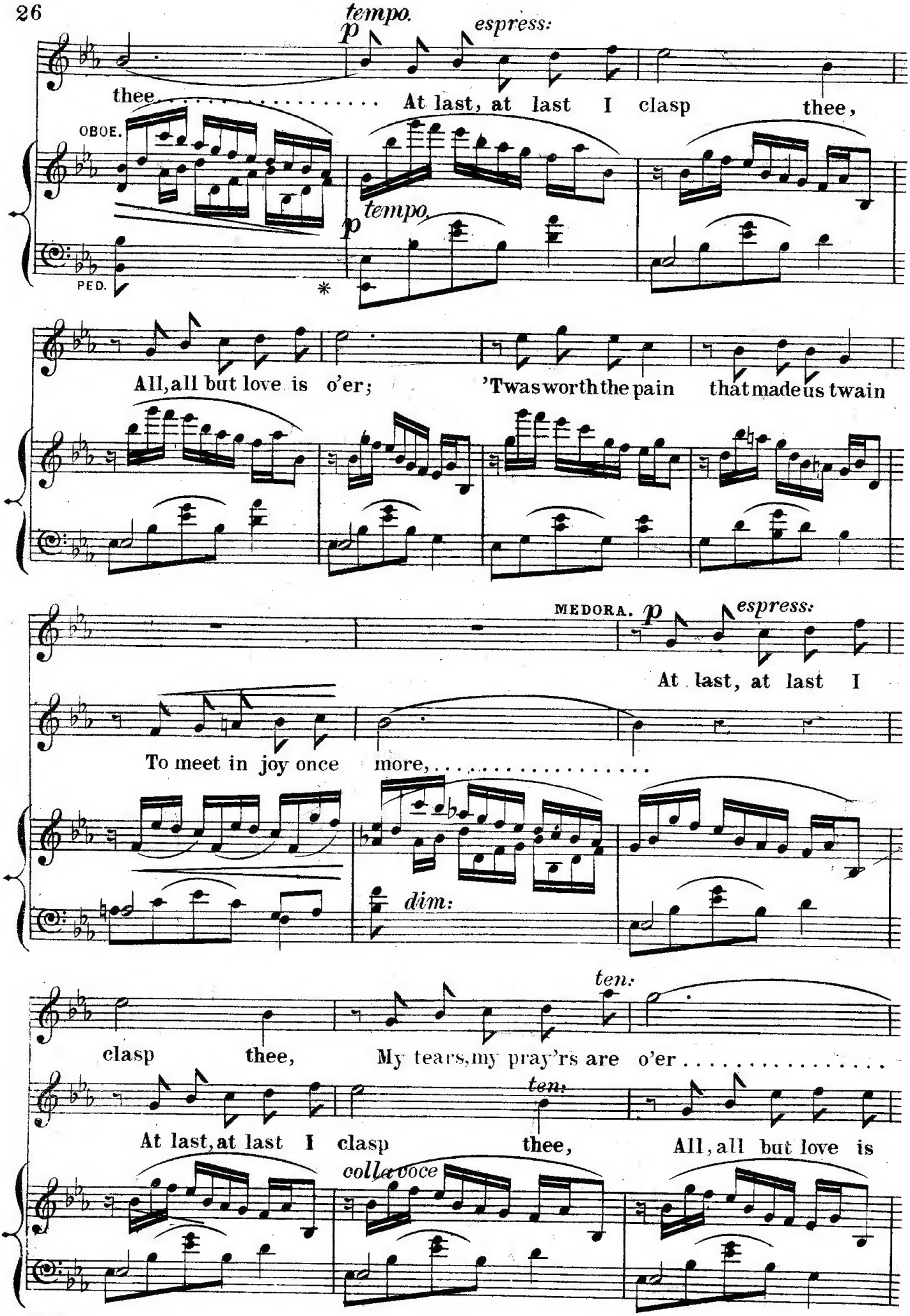
absence would'st thou have it glad?

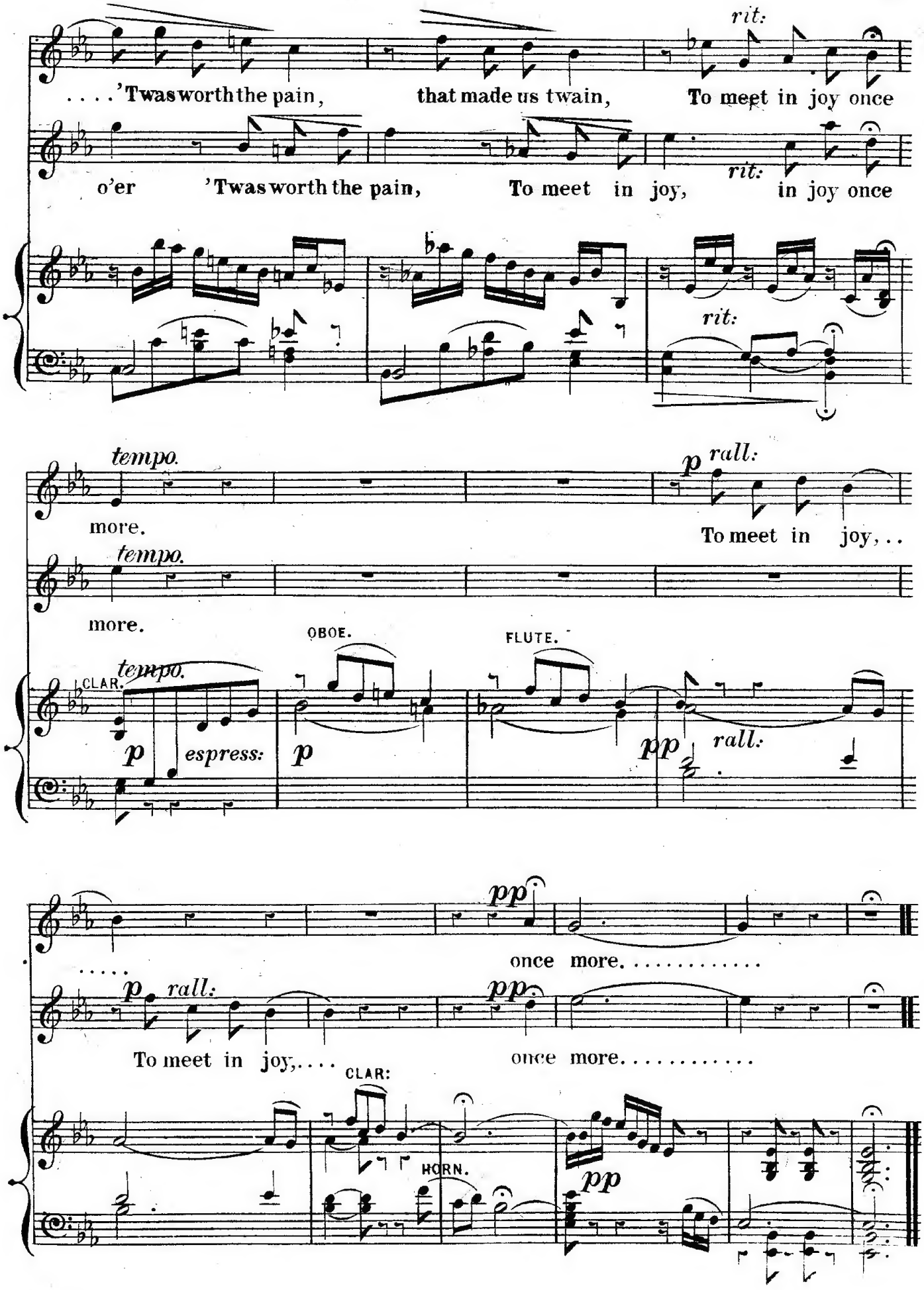
p

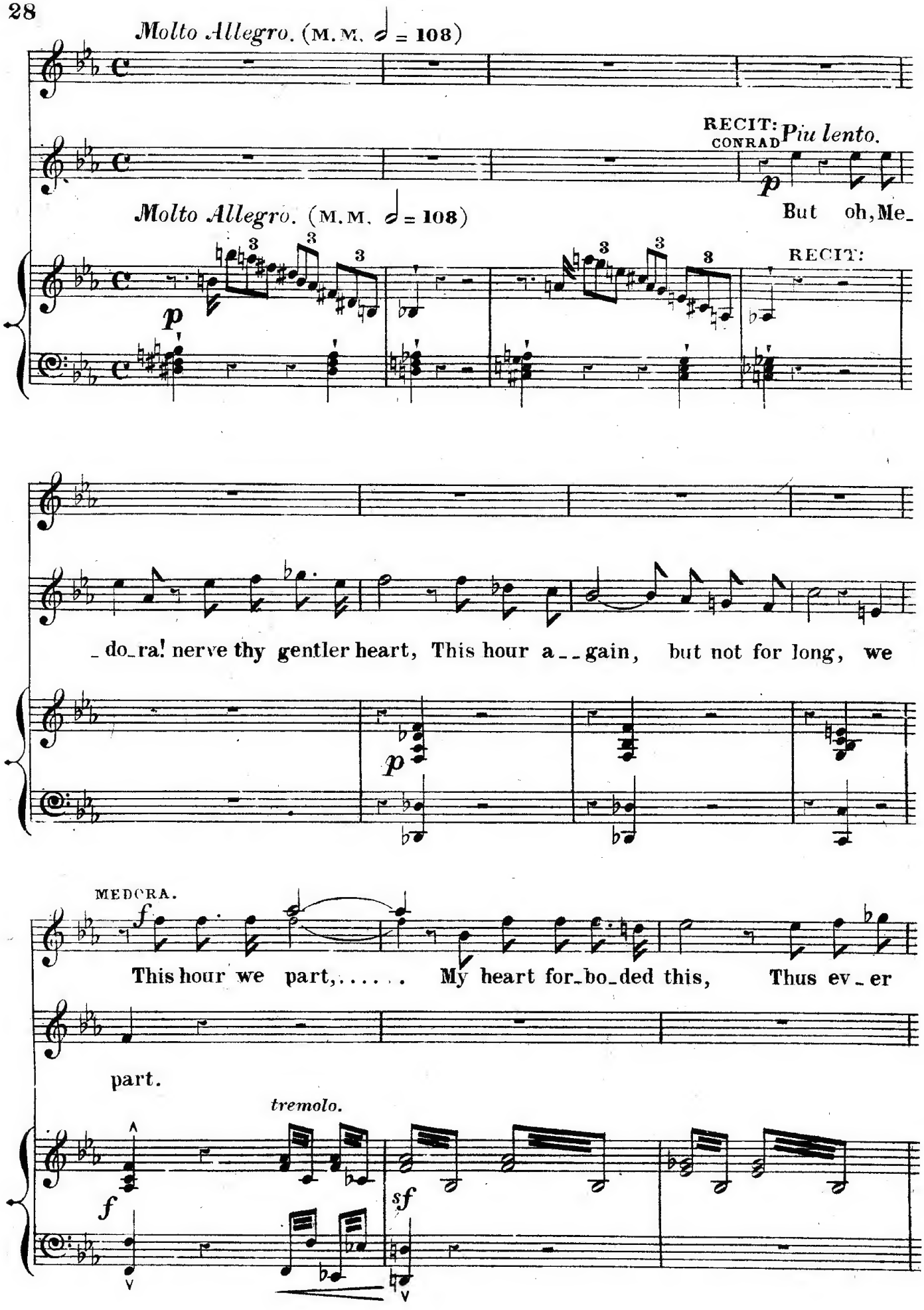

tranquillo.
p
Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined, My dreaming fear with storms hath
wing'd the wind, And many a rest - less hour outwatch'd each star, ...
FL:
And morning came, and yet thou wert a-far, At length 'twas noon,
RECIT:
mf
agitato.
cres:
f
I hailed and blest the mast, the mast that met my sight, Oh joy!...
RECIT:
mf
cres:
f
... oh joy! ..... twas thine at last.
tempo.
ff

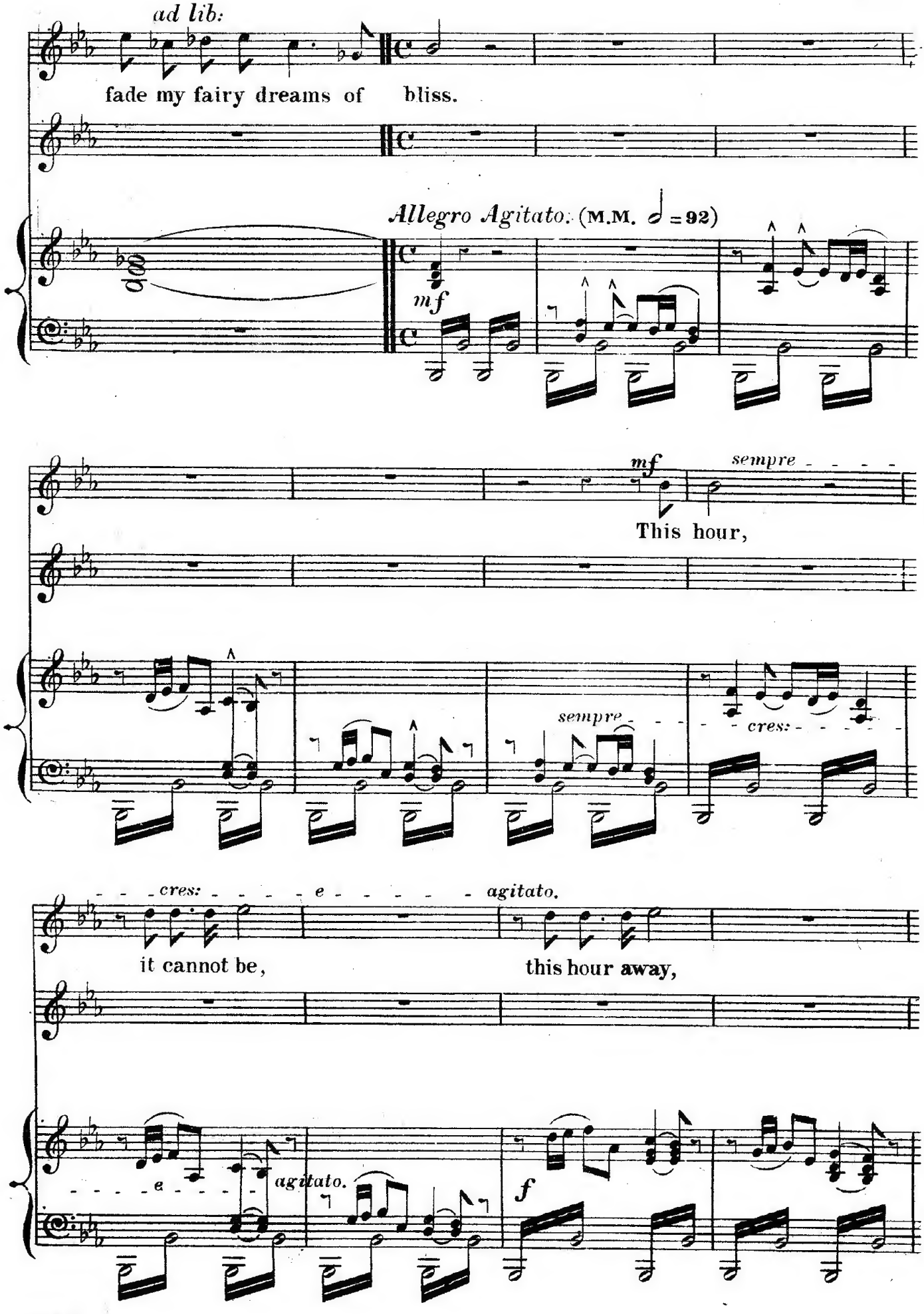

Andante. M.M. (♪ = 96)
CLAR:
p
dim:
rit?
MEDORA.
p
espress:
legato.
p
At last, at last I
clasp thee!
My tears, my pray'rs are o'er
Twas worth the pain,
that made us twain,
To meet in joy once
more . . . . . .
At last, at last I clasp thee
dim:
PED.
*

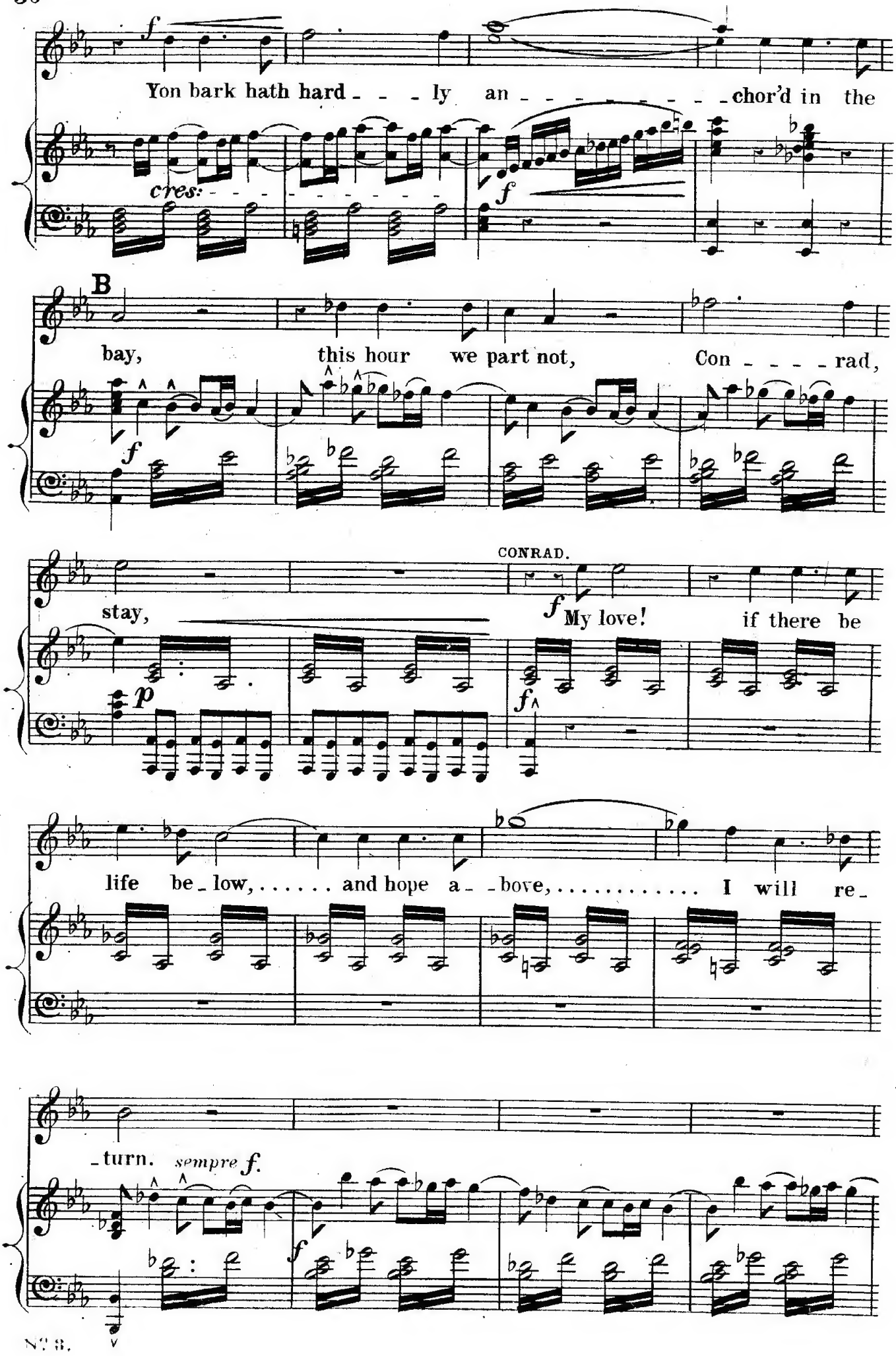

ten:
My tears my pray'rs are o'er, ... 'Twas worth the pain
colla voce
rit:
A
CONRAD mf
that made us twain, To meet in joy once more. More than my
colla voce.
CLAR:
mf
sword, I love thee! Yea, dear_er than the sea,
cres:
Thy pray'rs were wings of Heaven, To bring me back to thee,
cres:
rit: e dim:
Thy pray'rs were wings of Heav'n to bring, thy Con_rad back to
VIOLIN
rit: e dim:

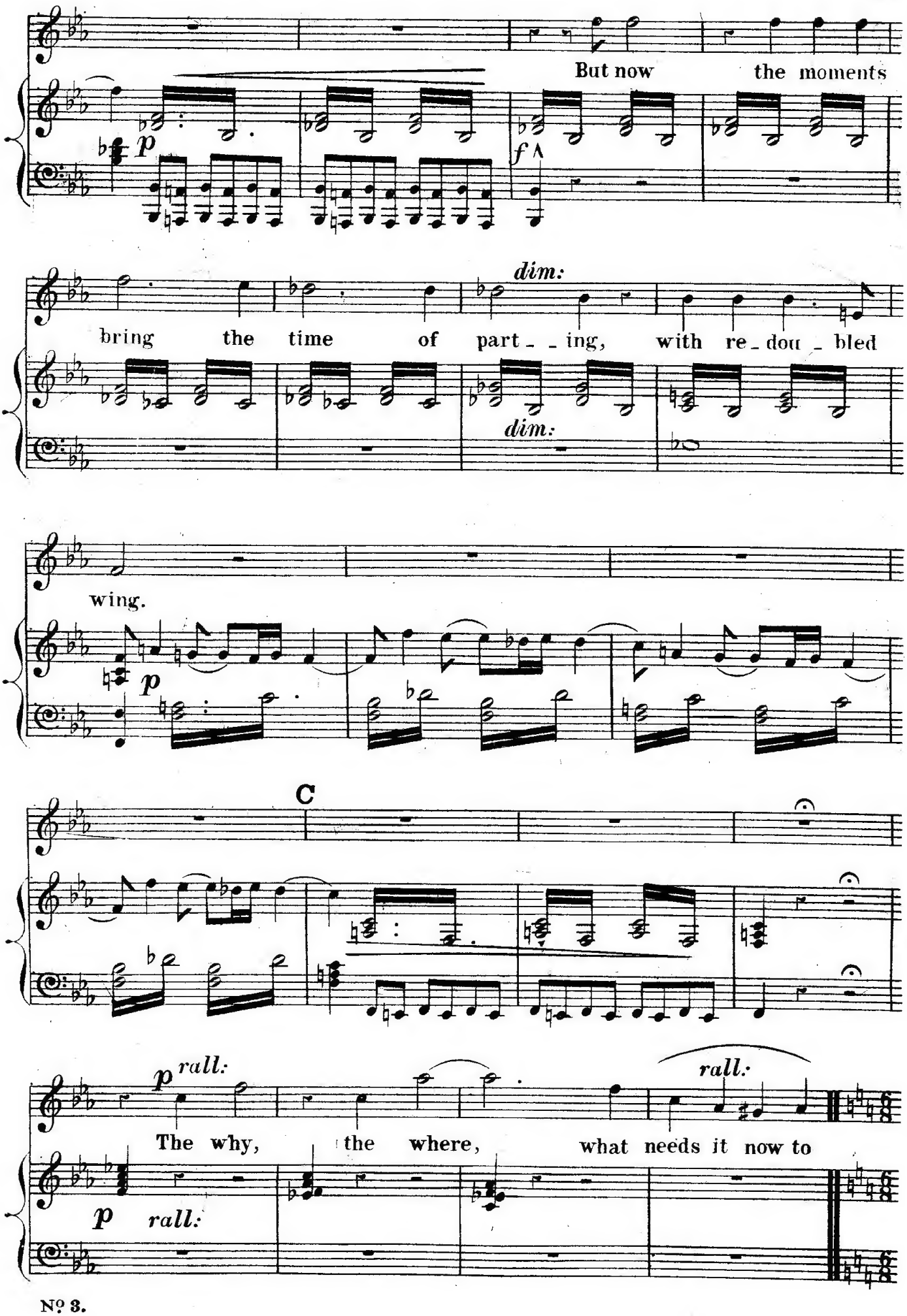

tempo.
p
espress:
thee . . . . . At last, at last I clasp thee,
OBOE.
tempo.
p
PED.
*
All, all but love is o'er; 'Twas worth the pain that made us twain
MEDORA.
p
espress:
At last, at last I
To meet in joy once more, ...
dim:
ten:
clasp thee, My tears, my pray'rs are o'er . . . . . .
ten:
At last, at last I clasp thee, All, all but love is
coll'voce

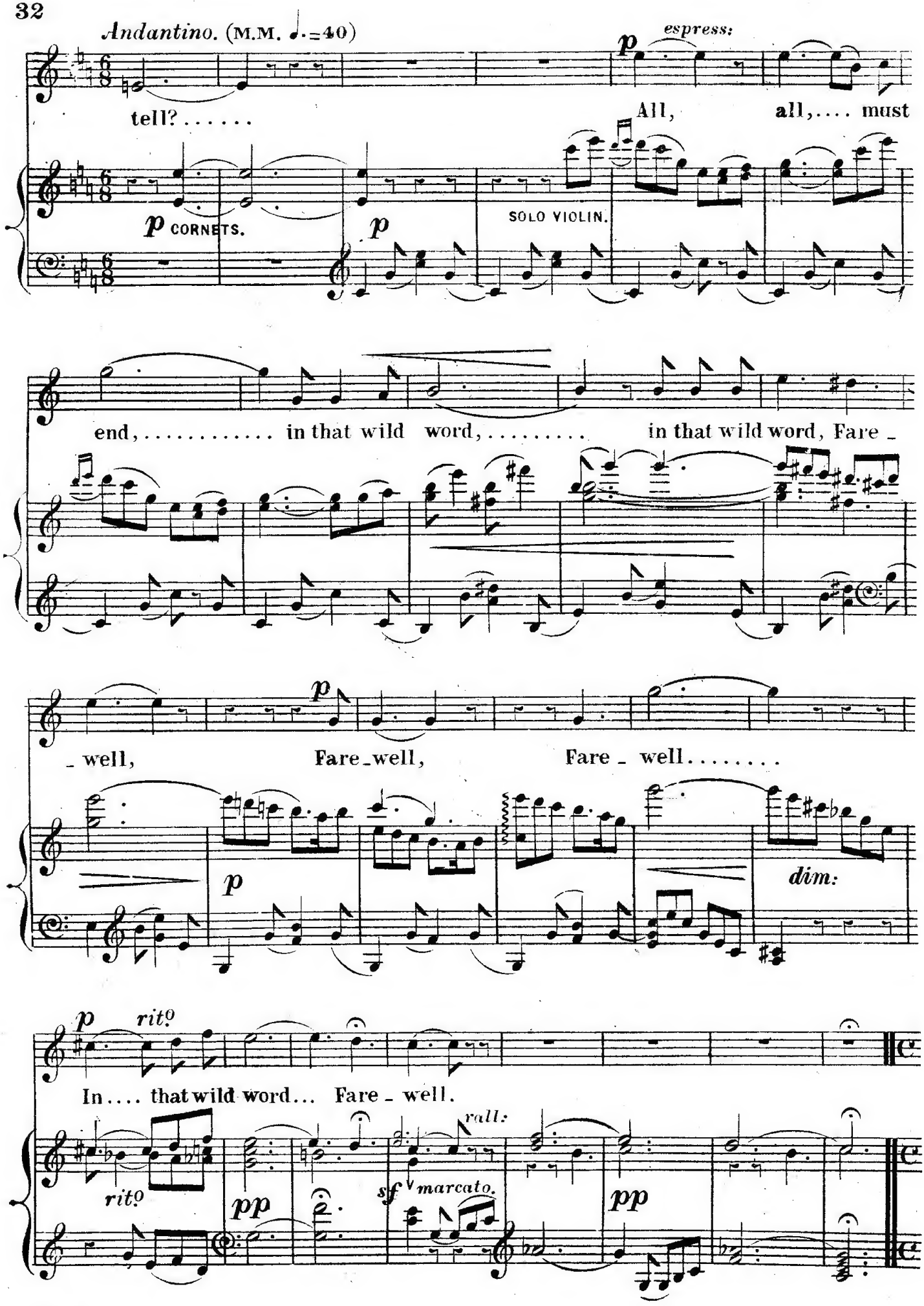

rit:
. . . . 'Twas worth the pain, that made us twain, To meet in joy once
o'er 'Twas worth the pain, To meet in joy, rit: in joy once
rit:
tempo.
more.
p rall:
To meet in joy, . .
tempo.
more.
OBOE.
FLUTE.
CLAR.
tempo.
p espress:
p
pp rall:
pp
. . . . .
once more. . . . . .
p rall:
pp
To meet in joy, ...
once more. . . . . .
CLAR:
HORN.
pp


Molto Allegro. (M. M. ♩ = 108)
RECIT: CONRAD
Più lento.
But oh, Me_
Molto Allegro. (M. M. ♩ = 108)
RECIT:
_do_ra! nerve thy gentler heart, This hour a_ _gain, but not for long, we
MEDORA.
This hour we part,..... My heart for_bo_ded this, Thus ev_er
part.
tremolo.


ad lib:
fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
Allegro Agitato. (M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = 92)
mf
mf
sempre
This hour,
sempre
cres:
cres:
e
agitato.
it cannot be,
this hour away,
e
agitato.
f


Yon bark hath hard - - - ly an - - - - - - - - - chor'd in the
cres: - - - - - - - - - - -
B
bay, this hour we part not, Con - - - - rad,
CONRAD.
stay, My love! if there be
life be - low, ... and hope a - - bove, ... I will re -
- turn. sempre f.


But now the moments
p
f
dim:
bring the time of part_ing, with re_dou_bled
dim:
wing.
p
C
p rall:
rall:
The why, the where, what needs it now to
p rall:


Andantino. (M.M. ♩.=40)
p espress:
tell? . . . . . All, all, ... must
p CORNETS.
p
SOLO VIOLIN.
end, ... in that wild word, ... in that wild word, Fare _
_ well, Fare _ well, Fare _ well . . . . . .
p
dim:
p rit?
In . . . . that wild word . . . Fare _ well.
rit?
pp
rall:
sf marcato.
pp

(BUGLE SOUNDS) RECIT: *p*

Moderato. List! 'tis the Bu_gle.

mf RECIT:

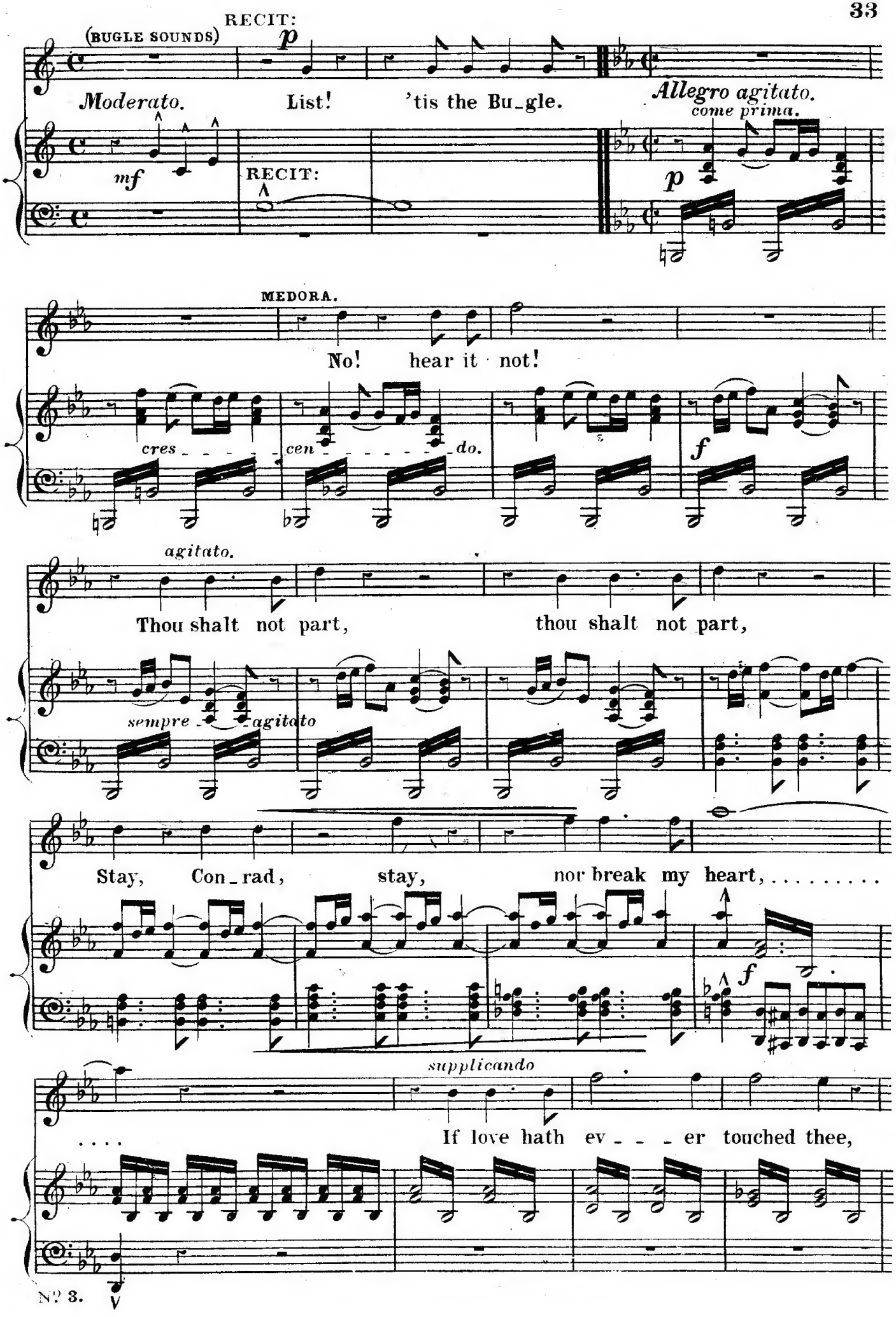
Allegro agitato. *come prima.* *p*

MEDORA.

No! hear it not!

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do. *f*

agitato.



Thou shalt not part, thou shalt not part,

sempre - agitato

Stay, Con_rad, stay, nor break my heart, ...

f

. . . . *supplicando*

If love hath ev_ _ _ er touched thee,